



# CATERPILLAR 8

1919



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CATERPILLAR, "A Gathering of the Tribes", is published and edited by Clayton Eshleman. Contributing Editor: Robert Kelly. Managing Editor: Brian McInerny. The magazine appears quarterly --October January April July--; the present double issue is Volume II, #s 3, 4. Or Issue #8/9. Yearly subscriptions are \$6.00, current issue \$1.50. Back issues, from #3 on, are available thru AMS Press, 56 E. 13th Street, NYC, NY. Manuscripts and subscriptions go to the Editorial Office at 36 Greene Street, NYC 10013. U. S. national newstand distribution by Eastern News Distributors, Inc., 155 West 15th Street, NYC 10011. APPLICATION TO MAIL AT SECOND CLASS POSTAGE RATES IS PENDING AT NEW YORK, N. Y. Copyright © 1969 by Clayton Eshleman.

IT IS TIME TO START KNOWING WHAT YOU ARE DOING, COMMON MAN IN THE STREET. Your innocence no longer suffices to excuse you from your guilt of such crimes. You will not hide much longer behind your innocence. You will start knowing what you are doing when you murder Christ.

---Wilhelm Reich

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Paul Celan:

(18 poems

from SPRACHGITTER / Speechlattice  
(S. Fischer Verlag, 1959)

3 poems

A HAND

The table, of timeswood, with  
its ricepottage and its wine.  
It is  
grown quiet, eaten, drunken.

A hand, that I kissed,  
shines to the mouths.

OVERHEAD, SOUNDLESS, the  
travellers: vulture and star.

Under, at last, ourselves,  
ten in number, the sandfolk. Time,  
how otherwise, it has  
also for us an hour, here,  
in the sandcity.

(Recount word of the well, recount  
of wellwreath, wellwheel, of  
wellchambers -- recount.

Count and recount, the clock,  
this too, runs down.

Water: what  
a word. We understand you, life.)

The stranger, uninvited, from where,  
the guest.  
His dripping clothes.  
His dripping eyes.

(Recount us word of the well, of --  
Count and recount.  
Water: what  
a word.)

His clothes-and-eyes, he stands,  
like us, full of night, revealing  
insight, he counts now,  
like us, to ten  
and no further.

Overhead, the  
travellers  
are still  
inaudible.

THE WORLD, to us  
into empty hour proceeded:

Two  
treetrunks, black,  
branches gone, without  
nodes.  
In the jetswake, sharpedged, the  
one free-  
standing highleaf.

So we here, in the empty,  
stand by the banners.

from DIE NIEMANDSROSE / The Noonesrose  
(S. Fischer Verlag, 1964)

11 poems

THE WORD of the De Profundis,  
which we have read.  
The years, the words since then.  
So are we even yet.

Knowst thou, that space is unending,  
knowst thou, thou needst not run away,  
knowst thou, what was written in thine eye  
deepens our depths.

WITH WINE and bewilderment, with  
both their dregs:

I rode through the snow, dost hear,  
I rode God away off -- nearness, he sang,  
it was  
our last ride over  
the human-hurdles.

They ducked when  
they heard us over them, they  
wrote, they  
hoked our whinnying  
up in one of  
their embellished languages.

SO MANY constellations  
preferred us. I was,  
as I gazed at you -- when? --,  
outside with  
the other worlds.

O these ways, galactic,  
o this hour, which  
night swung over us in  
the burden of our names. It is,  
I know, not true  
that we lived, there went  
blind only a breath between  
There and Not-there and Sometime,  
cometlike dithered an eye  
to extinction, in the gorges,  
there, where it went out, stood  
bedazzlingly time,  
by which already upto and downfrom  
and overhead grew, what  
is or was or will be --,

I know,  
I know and you know, we knew,  
we didnt know, we  
were ya there and not there,  
and sometimes, when  
only nothingness stood between us, found  
ourselves all together.

AT BOTH HANDS, there  
where the stars grew to me, far  
from all skies, near  
all skies:

O  
to be awake then! How  
the world opens to us, right  
through us!

You are  
where your eye is, you are  
over, are  
under, I  
find my way out.

O this wandering empty  
open middle. Divided,  
I fall to you, you  
fall to me, each from himself  
has fallen, we look  
out through:

The  
Selfsame  
has lost  
us, the  
Selfsame  
has forgotten  
us, the  
Selfsame  
has us ---

## TWELVE YEARS

The true-  
remained, true--  
become line: ... your  
house in Paris -- at  
the altar of your hands.

Thrice pervasive,  
thrice perspicuous.

• • • • • • • • •

It turns dumb, it turns deaf  
behind the eyes.  
I see the poison bloom.  
In every word and figure.

Go. Come.  
Love douses its name: it  
is written for you.

WITH ALL THOUGHTS did I go  
out into the world: which was you,  
you my soft, you my open, and --  
you received us.

Who  
says that all failed us,  
when our eyes grew dim?  
All awoke, all arose.

Great came a sun swimming, bright  
stood soul and soul against it, clear,  
imperiously they silenced it  
in its course.

Easy  
did your womb open up, silent  
rose a breath into the ether,  
and what grew cloudy was not,  
was not form and from us here,  
was not  
as good as a name?

DUMB FALLFRAGRANCE. The  
starflower, unsnapped, gone  
between homeland and abyss through  
your memory.

A strange nowhereness was  
utterly immediate, you had  
almost  
lived.

TÜBINGEN, JANUARY

To blindness per-  
suaded eyes.  
Their -- "an  
enigma's pure-  
insurgency" --, their  
remembrance of  
swimming Hölderlintowers, gull-  
encircled.

Visits of drowned carpenters at  
these  
plunging words:

Had,  
had a man,  
had a man come into the world, today, with  
the glowingbeard of the  
patriarchs: he could,  
had he spoken of this  
time, he  
could  
only babble and babble,  
alway-, alway-  
s, s.

("Pallaksch. Pallaksch.")

A DOUBLETALKING CON-MAN & WASTREL DITTY  
 SUNG IN PARIS AT THE EMPRÈS PONTOISE  
 BY PAUL CELAN  
 OF CZERNOWITZ NEAR SADAGORA

But sometimes, in dark times,

Heinrich Heine, For Edom

In days of yore when rope hung high,  
 then, ah then indeed there was  
 an acme.

Where is my beard, wind, where  
 my Jewishmark, where  
 my beard, that you pluck?

Crooked was the way that I went,  
 crooked it was, ay,  
 for, ay,  
 it was head on.

Heigh-o.

Crooked, like my nose is.  
 Nose.

And off we went to Friuli.  
There we had, there we had.  
 For there did the almond flourish.  
 Mandelbaum, Bandelmaum.

Mandeltraum, Trandelmaum.

And yes the Machandelbaum.  
 Chandelbaum.

Heigh-o.  
 Aum.

Envoi

But,  
 but the tree only trees. It,  
 it too  
 stands against  
the plague.

## RADIX, MATRIX

As one speaks to stone, as  
 you,  
 me from the abyss here, from  
 a homeland here con-  
 nected kin, pro-  
 jected, you,  
 you me formerly,  
 you me in the null of a night,  
 you in the Again-night en-  
 countered, you  
 Again-you --:

Then, when I was not there,  
 then, when you  
 paced off the acre, alone:

Who,  
 who was it, which  
 sex, which murdered, which  
 stood black against the sky:  
 prick and ball --?

(Seed.  
 Seed of Abraham. Seed of Jesse. Nobody's  
 seed -- O  
 ours.)

Yes,  
 as one speaks to stone, as  
 you  
 with my hands thereat  
 and in nothingness grasp, so  
 is what here is:

even this  
 receptacle splits,  
 this  
 descent  
 is the one of the wild-  
 flowering crowns.

## THE SYLLABLE ACHE

It put itself in Your hand:  
 a You, deathless,  
 unto which all I arrived. Wordfree  
 voices whirled about, emptyforms, all  
 went into them, was mixed  
 and unmixed  
 and again  
 mixed up.

The numbers were  
 interwoven in the  
 innumerable. One and thousand and what  
 before and after  
 was greater than itself, smaller, full-  
 ripened and  
 back- and forth-  
 transformed into  
 sprouting Never.

Forgotten grabbed  
 at To-be-forgotten, earthparts, heartparts  
 swam,  
 sank and swam. Columbus,  
 the time-  
 less in eye, the mother-  
 flower,  
 murdered masts and sails. All fares forth,  
 free,  
 discovering,  
 the compass-flower fades, point  
 by leafpoint, an ocean  
 blossomed to height and to day, in blacklight  
 of wildrudderstreaks. In coffins,  
 in urns, canopic jars  
 awoke the little children  
 Jasper, Agate, Amethyst -- peoples,  
 stock and kin, a blind

### Let there be

is knotted in  
 the serpentheaded free-  
 ropes --: a  
 knot  
 (and back -- and against -- and out -- and twin -- and thou-

sand knot), by which  
the carnivaleyed brood  
of martenstars in the abyss  
marked, marked, marked  
letter by letter out.

from ATEMWENDE / Breathturning  
(Suherkamp Verlag, 1968)

2 poems

THINWOODDAY under  
netnerved heavenleaf. Through  
largecelled emptyhours clammers, in rain,  
the blackblue, the  
thoughtchafer.

Animalblooded words  
throng before its feelers.

WAYS in the shadow-snout  
of your hand.

Out of the four-finger-furrow  
I root up the  
petrified blessing.

from FADENSONNEN / Threadsuns  
(Suhrkamp Verlag, 1968)

2 poems

SPEECHWALLS, spaceinwards --  
reeled in into yourself,  
you go bawling through up to the lastwall.

The fogs burn.

The heat hangs within you.

BO'TH' S unscarred bodies,  
both' s deathleaf over the barenness,  
both' s unrealized face.

Drawn ashore by  
the whitest root  
of the whitest  
tree.

Versions by Cid Corman

/Translator's note: These poems  
are being offered here against  
the author's wishes, reluctantly,  
but in the feeling that the realm  
of poetry transcends personal  
issues and noting that some fif-  
teen years' work on this poet's  
oeuvre is involved. The poems  
from SPRACHGITTER have had  
benefit from the assistance of  
Helmut Bonheim and all from  
Günter Nitschke. They are not  
responsible, however, for the  
results.<sup>7</sup>

Gerrit Lansing:

STANZAS OF HYPARXIS

1. In the child's game implacable,  
Imperium on Luna,  
if not a bug-eyed leap  
a giant step at least  
to be eaten with breakfast food by children,  
as matter of fact as that,  
crackle of product in a dish.  
The boy wipes his mouth, empties himself for school.  
Arm-Strong, so.  
Autumn arches in his blood,  
lions quiver in the aura.  
Running in blue light  
the hunter's moon will eat his mind at night.
2. No time but has its blazon.  
I saw a beacon that seemed intended  
and whose intention was unquestioned.  
The craft is governed by such midnight fires  
as it coasts  
the rocky headlands  
in waters of Attic clarity.  
"On the wind-tormented point,"  
End-of-Earth,  
"and about the shores and islands of the Gulf of Morbihan  
...gigantic circles and alignments"  
recall an "energy  
born of terrible adventures."
3. Plays with himself  
puer ludens  
in the secret attic of discovery  
revisiting  
the pleasure beyond death.  
Energy animated and set free the moon sucks up  
and from the dormer window  
over the harrowed trees  
he sees her firmly sit the bucking shadows.
4. The man voyages and is not a child.  
The islands are not numberless or nameless.  
They stand up in the dawn.

Vigilance to catch perception,  
 note the flash of fish-scales  
 in diaphanes of water rush,  
 this is a craft of holding to,  
 to make a poem of clashing rock song even  
 from rocks that mirrors break into the sun.

5. Virginity is to develop  
 it is the secret power of the male  
 though may be hidden in a female husk.  
 Has naught to do with coming or going  
 but with the set to make a soul.  
 Not a child's dream  
 whom black tongues drag to a covered pit  
 by beat of drum  
 to be eaten by the Bitch.  
 Virginity is the mystery,  
 not yet understood,  
 of the orgasm from the Thirteenth Cycle  
 whose hierophant is Ophialites,  
 shining in fire  
 many-mirrored.

6. The long body of the solar system  
 (seen from the black watch tower),  
 a polyphase transformer  
 to step down,  
 according to each planetary coil,  
 the energy of the father sun,  
 create those conditions that inform the wanderers;  
 in man nine centers glandular  
 to receive nine modes of sophic fire.

7. The heavens declare.  
 Apophainētai!

These stanzas do not illustrate ataxia.

I conjoin mottoes opposite:  
 man; child --  
 sun; moon --  
 hyparxis ; dream --

as emblems requiring mind-work,  
 nexus buried.

Wisdom as such hides in the news of the day.

(Ataxia: this is not  
 It turns out all to be hyparxis -- even dream,  
 a ladder of lights.

The imitative boy is discovering man.  
 Sex on earth is rhymed angelic motion.

Outer space and inner space misnomers  
 when what is meant (nomen, numen)  
 is rhymed in megalith and microspore  
 and mirror is parity non-conserved  
 so  
 go right and left  
 go aft, go fore  
 go one and two  
 and heaven blue.

In pun conjoined:  
 Attic; attic --  
 discovery --  
 craft; craft --  
 mirror; parity --

From this chimaera, purity?

Something is hidden.  
 There are no other words,  
 lymphatic power  
 is of the moon  
 and must be.  
 Her nodes define the zodiac.  
 Terella, ever. Weather.

But the solar heart defines the blood.

How far out you go  
 it is within.

David Meltzer:

SONG OF DAVID

At the hour of King David's death  
the light of the moon diminished & the  
radiance of the Oral Law was tarnished.

It moves us apart  
Parts your body  
Like an atomic scythe  
It is the Prophet's X-Ray  
Reveals each bone to be  
A lunar object  
Shining in bedroom dark

It's alright when the sun shines  
Green & yellow light  
Forms halos around the red  
& white flowers  
But at night

It moves us apart  
Parts your body  
With the bright axe  
I've sharpened all day  
On a black stone

Halving your flesh  
Having had it for years  
Is like shelling a pea  
Each green world  
Pulled from the wound  
Holds the angel of our love

Your flesh is entered  
Holds my hard root inside it  
Milk it until you're seeded  
Each green world  
Holds an angel in it  
Angel has the child's face  
Yet to be born

Pull out God from your flesh  
 The flesh I've entered all these years  
 God is in my sperm  
 You must taste Him

DVD

VDV

DVD

Aleph from my name  
 My name is the sound of God's sperm  
 God's seed in the name of your cunt  
 In blood roaring thru your veins  
 In cells of micro-lunar infinity  
 God's seed pumped into earth  
 Pumped into the full moon  
 Giant luminant sperm wheel  
 God speaks seed

DVD

VDV

DVD

YEH

VEH

DEH

GEH

VDV

DVD

VOD

YOD

YED

OHD

God shoots starlight coming  
 Dripping white pain light into black space  
 Spread your legs  
 I enter you  
 Enter your blackness  
 To meet God's Word  
 He opens His eye to see me  
 & we look at each other  
 Inside of you  
 We shoot our words into each other  
 Inside of you  
 & hold onto the bedrails  
 For love is letting it all go  
 Inside of you  
 God the wife  
 The earth

God whore  
 God fuck  
 God seed  
 God sac  
 God blood  
 God cell  
 God moon  
 God David  
 King God  
 Green seed God  
 Full balls  
 Seed pain  
 Seed light given into the wife  
 The whore  
 Puncture blood sac moon  
 Bloodlight fountains  
 Moonlight upon our loving  
 Spilling over the earth

It moves us apart  
 Parts your body like a sacred diagram  
 The map of it all  
 The Prophet's X-Ray  
 Showing each holy bone  
 In golden halo fire  
 No shame, no blame  
 God the wife the earth the whore fuck pure pump forth  
 All of my seed take all of my seed  
 All my songs  
 All my anger  
 All hopes & passion  
 All my fear, my words  
 Take it all into your cunt of universe  
 Take it all in as I yield it  
 Having held it in too long

DVD  
 VDV  
 DVD  
 JAH  
 YOD  
 VAU  
 VAU  
 VEH  
 KEH  
 KAW  
 MEM  
 NUN

OHM  
TAU  
VAU  
VAU

O SERENE TANGLE OF WHITE FINGER RIBBON SPERM EYE MEETING IN  
SPACE TO TOUCH THE SOURCE OF IT  
TO PART STARSHINE LIPS WITH SEED SPEWING COCK PUMPING GENESIS  
BERESHITH ADAM MEETS EVE IN SPACE SERENE

IT MOVES US APART  
PARTS OUR BODY  
INTO HOLY LETTERS  
INTO HOLY LETTERS OF GOD'S NAME

GOD'S NAME  
BLESSES THE BODIES OF ALL OUR CHILDREN IN SPACE SERENE  
IN SPERM CONTAINING 700,000 FACES OF THE HOLY ALPHABET  
THAT BINDS US ALL TOGETHER  
IN ETERNITY

ONE WORD  
ONE LETTER  
ONE SECOND

THE WHOLE SONG!



Carolee Schneemann:

**NOTATIONS (1958 - 1966)**

A cosmic vision -- awe some; I automatically seek out from the infinite coiling of form the God shape... and they reveal themselves as variations within repetition, arrested movement then continuing, coiling in place.

Greenery and lovers... restless, sublime turns in a security which is ominous: wholeness of opposite forces reconciled in stone flesh... what life escapes to us, bitterly mysterious, dark powers, powders clouding eye... touch them. My feet on the stone floor.

My love I found two lovers; dancing stone in each other. (A guard laughed to another; "there's a young lady copying a new way to do it in an old way".) I was drawing. Drawing on an embrace of forms: rolling, halting gestures of combination, of meeting. Complete, secretively convoluted, clearly tenuous: that something is Happening, has happened and occurs again... uniquely, same-ly extending the mystery it conceals. An embrace emphatically conceived and lucidly sexual. What evolution of forms performs before the senses, repeats and then counters motion so that the figures hold all possible in stone space. I can find us hear our hours of love, years enfolded, ears....

Elsewhere: extensive compilations of gloom, darkly; shadowed light shafting art objects, frou-frou dying eternally... rooms for the worst from a best hinted at; a provincial museum... leftovers rank, agglutinations... bad breath, heavy appetites. The Arensberg Collection is not enough to save Grace by but the Impressionist collection is, but it has been shipped off to the Modern. My little sun and shadow Cezanne; a tiny watercolor study of Picasso for Les Demoiselles which flies out of Cezanne clear eyed bathers. There's a joy of connection.

Ladies day here; grotesque beyond description... they need to be shattered, to be blown up to their senses. In this labyrinth my mother has already found me twice between her "lectures".

Ah, a Pontormo of A. De Medici --- strange, strange a door opens behind the looming, robed torso, a compelling head. Three fine frescos (a tiny Pieta of glowing strokes... made of gloss) and the Titian where the seated Archinto peers thru a curtain.

The danger is: when one needs one takes.

1958

\*

USE just doesn't answer or serve my relationship to people and objects (I imagine that what I take from Cezanne, in some way, gives something to Cezanne). Reciprocity, an engagement of love or need; that really "taking" is giving. "Use" is exploitive, without emotion, beyond expressed conjunction. The word acts now as cover for evaluation and interchange. Brakhage, Kluver and others say that are interested only in what they can "use". The tone is not towards "partaking" but "to convert to one's service", to consume and exhaust. I "use" materials... not people and their works. "Use" belongs to practical values; it does not serve an aesthetic interchange -- the process of assimilation, influence and transformation by which work and life structures grow inter-dependently. I say "I use materials" but I often sense that they use me as vision from which they re-emerge in a visual world which could not speak without them. At the same time in the art world today people often say "I'm only interested in what is useless". The Fro-Zen, the expanse of slight sensation, the twist to existing conventions: not to be shocked, disturbed, startled, not to exercise the senses thoroughly... to be left as you were found, undisturbed, confirmed in all expectations.

Not what is "useful" but what moves me.

\*

Sweet love, beautiful man, my joy freeing all desire, renewing light of day, shadow night trembling, planned for our loving (line where snow has fallen, branch touching windows, sun spot or beating rains, hearts..... red valentine wind swung... unending or bent spruce fingers shaking our smiles... your lips.)

Everywhere I am you are. All I can be I am to you. There is nothing I desire beyond what we find together, bring to one another in clear expression (there can be no waste, uselessness, terror or fear or longing residues). Come in Come in everywhere anywhere. Whatever you wish of me I can give to you; whatever I need you bring to me. You flower tree, ramrod, lightning rod face fingers mine yours, paw pads, rolling buttocks, finger furrow balls, fissures, breathing tissue, sweet curving cock head, finey eye kiss you, eatm bite melt flesh of you me, roar juice and wetness where you are I am combined (and even

so our cylinder walls -- wash board ridged one of the other marvelously) so when you fill me you do so fill me UP is one direction we go. All paths of us are open to us. (All intricacies of me -- sex, emotion, thought -- and strangeness, all details drawn luminous by your fire, light. LOVE is YOU. Love is how

we grew to all expectations and more than I could long for, hope for, hope to be, to be allowed being as I am I am for you..... how I need to be and becoming together we are each one two.

\*

When I was fifteen, a teacher with a surface regard for my temperament advised me to study the Expressionists... Kokoschka in particular. My eyes moved to Cezanne; the rigor of the action of paint in space was nowhere more demanding than in his works -- my longing for the richness (engulfing all preconceived notions about what was an expressive image) and extensiveness of natural forms took courage and challenge from his experience. At this time D' Arcy Thompson's writing enforced my intuition to really build sight on natural forms and conditions. From childhood -- without any break -- I felt myself a part of nature; saw the world as animate, expressive, alive and sometimes responsive to my own desires; but always the natural world was intoxicating, giving my senses beauties which freed emotions for personal relationships which might one day have that rich wheeling range of unpredictable qualities -- dense, various, thorough as nature was. My sense of my own physical life and of making things from this life were always united. I began to draw before I could speak and never stopped drawing. As a child I thought one was born naturally "doing" something from love of it and then could choose another thing "to be"! My mother, I assumed had chosen to be a mother but was "born" a dress designer; or my father "born athlete" chose to be a doctor. And I imagined I was "born a drawer" and could choose when I grew up to be an actress -- like Eve -- or a nurse... Whatever the family tried to keep from me they did not separate me from my images nor could they separate me from the pleasures in my body. The ways in which I felt sexual life and creative activity protected me from fissures threatening the lovely light in the adult life I depended on needn't be discussed now; only that the complexities of character traits sustained through childlife are fascinating and ambiguous in themselves and I am aware of a fund of material relating to why these experiences formed in me. I want now most simply to state that these experiences existed.

\*

tree wind how can I give you back what you've freed in me?

\*

Sexual damning is expressive damning.

Do not assume that what you think is "natural" for you is just. He says "what she expects of me is not natural for me!" She said "things he wants to do with me seem unnatural!"

How they fear sensation, pleasure; starvation drives them to an embrace which is a shadow to expression they repress.

These women are fastidious: the living beast of their flesh embarrasses them; they are trained to shame... blood, mucous, juices, odors of their flesh fill them with fear. They have some abstracted wish for pristine, immaculate sex... cardboard soaked in perfume. Many of them imagine that in giving birth they abandon themselves to flesh life -- drugged and desensitized as they may be. But they've been taught that here is their physical worth, moon fed, streaming process... let the gift of the child enoble and redeem the intricacies of their bodies.

When I said LOVE I meant EROTIC love; deep transforming bounty one imparts to another reciprocally; it assumes....all! To celebrate, illuminate respect, tenderness, trust, passion and regard... to joyfully put all we are into one another's hands... all contact, touch, expression possible, desired.

You in blind acceptance are condemned to "roles": you imagine you fill in some sentimental construct while you feel love is like blackmail; you "take", are "taken"; you marry, are given another name. "Man and wife" -- Wife -- that's YOU. Your own language calling you to change and assert your deepest personal image addresses you by inclusion! (Ever say: "Woman and husband"?). "Men should be freed, healed, and cured, not adjusted." (McClure). Is inclusion an emotional generosity? How can you even know? ("Men revolt outside in Universe World Air by acts of personal nobility; they refuse themselves as usable articles or objects." McClure.) Are you still turning to Freud as sexologist -- he who, at the end of his life admitted (from the patriarchal summit he struggled within), woman... it is true I have always dealt with them in terms of men. Or, Jung who raises his arms in benediction over I Ching where the world is tipped topsy turvey, where the sequence of earlier Heaven or Primal Arrangement is broken, where moon which was the second daughter becomes the second son!

Then when we asked the I Ching to speak about itself... what we saw had occurred in its life as a book: your form endlessly falling asunder and coming together again.

\*

It is very difficult for a woman to express to her lover the forms of loving she most desires. Women often tell one another with clarity what they hope for from their lovers.

The complaints of love have been swirling around us; our friends seek in each of us, separately, some key to free them of torments and sufferings which draw from private mutilations tangled in our generation's move to free an expressive life structure. Longing to give all, to find in one another all that will intensify, open and irradiate their unique separate form they find what they want to give outward does not move from them, or that emotions they intend with love turn before the beloved into something terrible or grotesque -- not "intended", or that what one partner expects is not available for giving: that is that, after the frantic carrying energy of first sexual meetings they awake to find they are in some way sexual cripples. Veiled, locked in tracks of subverted flesh energy -- ancient, unredeemable.

\*

Women often have the sense that deeply men search in their bodies for "a darkness", "peace", ... a retrograde fantasy is sought in their flesh; depersonalizing, bewildering, she says "but ME?"

\*

**WHAT IS A DANCER** a dancer has dirty feet, a dancer has poor little tight pants -- ankles and feet are sticking out; a tight little top -- wrists and hands and neck sticking out. Reaching for (new) heaven, pounding the floor... sweat beads across the forehead, a cheek muscle twitching.

A dancer bends, ass covered taut in stretch nylon; neatly folded balls and prick, sculptural breast mounds, pussy humps. They used to be encased in black...

then pink, white... rainbow dyes until their second skins became stenciled, decorated like wallpaper with toes, fingers and heads escaping flesh shards.

Expressionless faces -- the body was their expression. Feet remained bare, bottom blackened.

Their eyes reached into space without touching it. They were alone. The distance between their performing area and the audience was the distance between "art" and life. Space was anchored in their bodies, space was where they felt their spines. They didn't realize a radiator behind them equaled their mass, asserted verticles against their legs.

I want a dance where a body moves as part of its environment; where the dancer says Yes to environment, incorporating or says No transforming it.....where that choice is visual as a dancer is Visual Element moving in actual real specific dimensions.

I want a dance where dancers can fall, can crash into a wall; aim movement beyond their line of spine INTO space, into materials, into each other -- projective, connective! A dance where dancers can fart, can start and stop, are aware of the impulse, the necessity by which they move and its implicit diminution or contrary flow. A dance where dancers can leave the performance... and return... or not return.

\*

#### **HOW TO GET WHAT IS NEEDED**

Followup and reminders (what Mrs. S. advised). Moral: Don't take anything less than Yes or No for an answer. Insist on an answer; remind them... don't wait around.

"Understand that what you want is good for them also; reciprocal!"

"For anything anybody can give you there's something you can give them."

If they don't take it -- not my responsibility; that is, a negative reaction does not negate the giving, the gift.

"You've made your deposit... bank doesn't say it likes it or not"...

To remember my real currency; to keep the "balance in my psychological makeup."

Or: a gift is like a question, J. says; again nothing less than yes or no...

All this for my own equilibrium... a non-response or no response will have me repressing expectations -- MAKE ALL NEEDS OPERATIVE.

"If anything is sent to somebody and not acknowledged in due time call them up and ask 'did they get it'?... 'what do you think'?... 'did you like it'? : GET RESPONSE.....KNOW YOUR FRIENDS FROM YOUR ENEMIES."

\*

Ice flow chunks overwhelm me -- like like paper (in my mouth) or where?  
 white scraps floating (my heart leaps, my knees go weak) texture of it

\*

Homosexuals so often forced to come to sexual understanding of their own needs  
 and thereby more sensuous than ordinary men skimming by

\*

I can remember orgasm, the tree rustling at my window, a particular woven blanket and the crib I was in where my own experience of my body sensations gathered. I decided my genital was my soul... that is what my parents' explanation of soul lead me to believe. Soul was "true and most perfect, when the body died the soul lived in the stars".... the soul was some essence of being! Conscience!

You said "regression".

The past in my present is fluid, viable. I once had the notion that brain held memory like a reel of film; sequentially, through a life time, and that certain stimuli in the present would send notice to buried sections of past remembrance created by like stimuli, revivifying that past particle of experience... a dimensional reel from which past experiences might be lit up. That everything dreamed and experienced was there recorded, enlaid. A fantasy I still cherish is that one could open the brain-memory like a book; to see and feel the welter of events in a particular day long past... in my past or any one else's past because there are embedded an infinity of IMMEDIATE PRESENT which simply are past! And the brain-memories of any persons dead would be available to our senses. Let's go to the brain-memory library and see Mme. Stael the day Constant came back from Russia! Or I'll get the DeStael brain-memory and you get the Constant and we'll "read" together. I want to know as exactly as possible in my own senses what they meant; what was the light in that room, was the tree oak or chestnut.....

\*

Capacity for expressive life and for love are insolubly linked; that was my

understanding when I taught; saw immediately facing the individual in a class what their chance for expressive work was and its direct relationship to their social/sexual and emotional life

ants on the sinkboard: a dangerous mission and they failed. . . .

\*

We maintain an idea of friendship while the paths of expression remain cluttered, blocked with ancient debris

The tension, the torment is not necessary; it is a migration of misplaced,

\*

I was not interested in "war" but the violence and complexity of the games of "war" as played by the boys in contrast to the more predictable, close forms of "house" the girls set up, appealed to me physically and imaginatively. Physically because the boys played with a good deal of bodily contact, the emotional range had great drama supported by physical action "run for your life" hiding, plans, maneuvers in SPACE, the involvement with the actual environment. In bad weather the girls were kept in while I would often watch the rain of snow through the window and see the boys in parkas or rain jackets --handsome substantial garb-- playing in the gutter, building forts of snow or gathering in a tent one of them had in his field.

I wasn't especially strong --to the contrary, and I had never been taught forms of physical difficult work which country children of both sexes usually learn: carrying water, chopping wood, mending fences... assisting in the adult work. I had no sense that I could "compete" with boys or do things they did or that I could do the athletic actions they did so naturally; climbing trees, throwing rocks, grappling with one another -- but in my own way I was attracted to the forms of action they assumed in games and work.

They accepted me because of my temperament. I was put on trial for a time; if I was not afraid of blood, of falling or being pushed in mud, if I were quick to run or hide, clever to predict the moves of the "enemy"; if when captured I didn't "squeal", reveal secrets or break up the games by a sudden onslaught of tears, screams, or giggles it would mean I sustained the tenor, the serious involvement of the games, and would be acceptable. They had a meeting about me after a trial period and felt I was "o.k.", not like the other girls who spoiled things. I was never treated as "one of the boys" but as a person whose attributes were not only useful to the group but gave it a certain distinction the

other bands of boys did not have. In addition to the basic maneuvers our games created for us I was given the healing duties; they asked my advice on matters where good judgement would compensate for physical bravado; I was sent alone through hedges and gardens to make reconnaissance for them. And at this time it was clear between these boys and myself that we had made some heroic and wonderful change in the relations of the sexes; the sexual taboo we had all been conditioned to feel between the private play of boys and girls turned to a feeling of deeply reciprocated unity. Forbidden to one another in associations lacking adult supervision we found the fears, resentments and bewildering antagonisms set between our public relationships and private desires no longer existed. We had made a breakthrough! All the warnings, threats and dire advice of the adults was played false. My group of boys protected me fiercely from other gangs whom they suspected would not understand my position as one of them; gangs who might capture me, abuse me physically or sexually. In our neighborhood the girls who wanted to play with the boys or who appeared in their territory in the midst of games were often tied to trees, locked in cellars, pelted with stones, tied up and "tortured".

One winter when we had built a wonderful snow fort high as our heads in the middle of our frozen road a group of boys from another area appeared for games of "attack the fort". Seeing me among the boys of our road packing the snow onto the fort in blocks they stopped, became recalcitrant, and asked "what's she doing here?", "we're not playing with a girl in it", "she'll get hurt", and "what kind of a game can you have with a girl in it?" A few of my gang went out of the fort to confer with the attackers. I continued smoothing the ice walls. They explained that I was part of the gang and o.k. and that they played all their games with me in them; that they didn't want any funny business against me from these visitors and that they would be lucky if they also had a girl who knew how to fight and help them. It was an additional danger to our group to have me among them since I would be for other gangs a special object of abuse and they always made it clear to the other groups that I was not among them as prize to capture, or a special object of attack. "Just forget about her" they often yelled as we began a battle.

In school my relationship to the boys of my neighborhood was never acknowledged; that was another --altogether different-- organization of friends and enemies. At most we passed slight smiles across the school yard and in the halls.

\*

David said: "What do women want of a man? Tell me and I'll do it!" Naomi and I laughed. They want to be surprised, taken unawares; they are moved by intensity. She does not want to tell a man she wants flowers, to bring flowers to her; her fantasy is that, moved by his feeling for her he will gather up flowers to give her... that she be inspiration; that she is, herself, the material for love expressions. Rather than say to her man when they

meet "let's make love" she will wear perfume. She expects action from the man and all she is she expects has power to lead him to her.

Her motion is constantly moving toward. Whether slow or quick to be aroused she knows that all her flesh contributes to genital bloom; hair and nails, toes, calves, arms, the neck, all to be aroused and charged for the genital embrace. For her the motion of the man is enveloping inward. He reveals her to herself. He is excited by her; she is excited by what he does to her. She wants to be "called forth"; her capacity for sensation seems infinite. She is not afraid to "go mad with desire" -- to lose consciousness of Self, to flow outward, to become pure, dense energy exchange and encounter, to become sensation itself. Reason IS energy. Love is character. (Woman is the only flesh creature at all times physiologically capable of intercourse) (Of the two sexes she is physically capable of a greater variety of orgasm. The clitoris has no function besides orgasmic sensation)

\*

we presume that bad-moods, depressions etc., are not personally directed against one another and the one who suffers is helped by the other who initiates talking about "it", change of focus or action which will help

Principle: one in need is assisted by the other... most immanent need -- no matter how slight -- is one provided for... in this way we never "leave" one another.

Instance, again on details: if he spills the milk I clean it up; if I break a dish he picks it up... liberating one from weight of wrong-action

Or sequence: both in a rush to leave for an apt. of his and I can't find my glasses... he searches with me.

\*

our relation to Nature -- (My work and Brakhages')

while I've not worked microscopically smallest open eye unit activates full range of actual eye activity; scale in our works rooted in natural phenomena, visual immediacy as I find no where else.

Duration (Zukofsky pointed out in "Northlight" and other boxes) is that of landscape; compressed, transformed -- the total vitality of any one area to another.

Blue vesicles: basic organic shape force, direction of life energy. Bion the simplest notation of a rhythmic impulse (stylized in Paisley and certain Eastern folk ornaments). (Excepting hard eye patterns, tactile reduction, an impulse of psychic severity: Aztec, Nigerian, Mayan.....)

Take arrowhead, horn, tooth, half-moon, yin-yang, snake

Take basic stroke of the hand on the brush, the paint to canvas: Monet, Pollock

Fluid energy shapes immobilized in Ainu, in Jo mon comma shaped jewels and sculptured figurines.

Serpent of Aesculapius protector against disease! The cure and curse of Lotus, Lyre, Spiral instruments and adornments.

\*

For two weeks now we have had spring: premature, voluptuous; the city swims in its glamour, everything moves, exudes, shifts, expands; the lights have softened, the sotres play easter mummy to any eye, men on the immense escalator rising out the subway sneeze; in the subway passage a short drift of flowers or earth -- oh only a reminiscence but right there; perfumes and urine settle weightier than all winter long when they came swift, shafty on the cold bands of passing. And the men in the street don't make the sucking noise as they did all winter but have full ramby intrusions ye wanna come home with me for' eveh, here's a real man for you baby, i'll kill my wife for you baby,

1963

\*

you can't tell an idea STOP i'm not ready for another idea yeats -- you can ignore it put it out of yur head but a real impulse insight zooming in try and stop it you'd be mad or to stop voluptuous mad will organic desire lust superimposition dream breaking yr eyeballs open never mind

all the things this generation has individually discovered, defined, hewn, structured as unique, personal will become a spectrum of interchangeable elements, freely available and subject to new uses and certain common place understandings.

what we want we want everyone else to have a chance at -- it insures our gains, affirms their importance, gives us an enlarged "community". WE've pretty much got sex cleared into natural, intense, organic energy flow exchange; we're working on pot, LSD and "black power" which will mean a liberation of old

white-spirit energy and the clarification of sick white autocratic ambivalence towards woman.

\*

Style: commitment to the way in which one must do something.

Thoughts images: professor at college! Their old cars, tweedy jackets; strong relaxed w alk; thoughtful, wry expression. .... and the very plain wives or vaguely glamorous wives (the ones with long hair, careful makeup clothes only a few years old; the ones who paint, write, sing, dance or USTA write, sing, dance, paint....). The young professor has a romantic aura (he is collect- edly, clearly sexual... there's a cock behind all the verbage.) There is authority to his presence; he is sympathetic; we feel assured he has chosen all the forms of his life as our teacher, not that he has adjusted to forms which were implicit in the circumstance of being isolated in the country, of meeting our intense and fleshy faces early each morning, of looming so grandly in our fan- tasies which denied him any serious, intact private life away from our questions, glances, intimate gossip; of earning 5,000 to 8,000 a year. Unless he was a "wild poet" we could not imagine that he would -- without irony and bad faith-- be susceptible to the conventions of a society in which his love depended on marriage, in which he married too soon, fathered before he "conceived" of it, and was soon captive to an image he gave the illusion of transforming if not destroying.

1964

\*

I am after the interpenetrations and displacements which occur between various sense stimuli; the interaction and exchange between body and the environment outside it; the body as environment... for the mind... where images evolve... that total fabric wherein sensation shapes image, taste, touch, tactile impulse; various chemical changes and exchanges within the body and their effect on the immediate present, on memories, action in the present.

Vision is not a fact but an aggregate of sensations.

I want evocation -- SPACE ( a place ) between desire and experience

Intellectualization and Drugs can interfere with the High of simply being where I am.

## THE SNOWING OF SNOWS before and stopped and after

the garbage wonderland through the streets

### **white mush**

snowing my brain snowing from my arms legs mouth eyes ears snowing down  
my hands thighs ankles toes snowed fingers snowed nostrils ass hole cunt under-  
arms breath snowing crisp sparkling

song snowing yells calls speech of snowing pi ling falling shifting following shape

shifting shape covering uncovering under over in and out snow falling piling  
spilling

blowing snow only only snow white covers transforms as destructions a beautiful dark sky      inundations      tremendous electrical charge and hush      cushions

vbiel as toment a glorious shining as b ryng an enoughtenment everything  
it does

I want to know to see to move in and a play on my name you know Schnee Snow  
Man Mann

let it wnow let it wnow let it snow

premise of all my works physical contact; erotic trust touch trust giving over to

mutual awareness developed non-verbally; learning each other's musculature weight response energy capacity; every bend fold, tactile smell expression as language with which each other on the development of the situation we unfold. To make it right with each other, an intensity, a celebration, mutual consent to dwell among ourselves in the positive from which we may then -- as in Snows -- juxtapose negatives, life denying, non-organic schizophrenic conditions as basic to life negation forms -- the newsreel and Viet flakes. Handling each other. Mutual interchange of energy. Loving trust enables us to take physical chances together, to be expressive without self-consciousness the process transforming, releasing. A journey of consent which reveals itself to us as we follow. Absence of personality domination, star-thrust, decorativeness -- every gesture the result of organic necessity arising spontaneously in the unique circumstances of the work. All motion as seed to emotion/ all action, interaction beginning with the **BODY**. That's what a corps should be Turned on to each other to the possibilities we will encounter, concretize in our physical relations and this relation reaching from each other into the materials of the environment.

\*

these Americans

hard, stiff, cold, repressed; brutality and sentamentality  
 moving into icy psychic technological "cool"  
 when they are falling in love they can be beautiful; they are full  
 of hope and fearful emotion

they do not have charm; they do work with charms in the world  
 everything dies under their hands and they dont know why

they blame secretly and indulge themselves in substitute/second  
 hand pleasures

they have energy for work and materials; but they are not loving  
 abandoned, childlike and convinced that joy can be in them.  
 Cut off in their emotion their relations to materials, objects  
 and each other becomes brittle; they keep moving; they are accepting  
 of what surrounds them lacking interior self-confidence to change  
 and be changed. Giving, going over feeling is most difficult -- they  
 enjoy masks, costumes, festivities which reveal them slightly.  
 They are hot or cold -- they do not stream in their flesh.  
 Many stream in their mouths, out of their mouths; and so they  
 confuse shit with material, shit and sex; excretion with excess  
 gifts with taking -- that is loosing essence, so bewildered are  
 they as to what essence is in them. They manage certain intell-  
 ectual breakthroughs; they are never dumb; they are stupid about  
 their own natures. But then, cosmopolitan Nature is remote,  
 antique... perhaps for sports or specific periods of play and pursuit  
 of health or frail dreams mixed with glamour.

Wild things/wild life confuses them, makes them uneasy: bugs, birds,  
 snakes. Mud, dirt and dust discourage their control over the world --  
 In this way their insecurity increases; they are guilty, cast-out,  
 and full of anger and impatience. And this obstructs their pleasures  
 Egoistic, guarded, jealous of their effectiveness they feel crowded  
 in their need of one another; they proportion and ration contacts;  
 they measure and judge endlessly, narrowly, they even frighten

themselves and wonder why; being distrustful and distrusted; open and  
 naive and generous! The myth, the dream which they do not meet.

\*

IS it too dog or too loved??  
Is IT more delicate after you've loved?  
Is the DOG too delicate or beloved?  
Is it too delicate to be loved?  
Is it too dog to love?  
Is it too love to be dogged?

1

**Be prepared:**

1966

1

Edited by C. E. 7

Charles Bukowski:

WHAT A MAN I WAS

I shot off his left ear  
then his right,  
and then tore off his belt buckle  
with hot lead,  
and then  
I shot off everything that counts  
and when he bent over  
to pick up his drawers  
and his marbles  
(poor critter)  
I fixed it so he wouldn't have  
to straighten up  
no more.

Ho hum.  
I went in for a fast snort  
and one guy seemed  
to be looking at me sideways,  
and that's how he died--  
sideways,  
lookin' at me  
and clutchin'  
for his marbles.

Sight o' blood made me kinda  
hungry  
Had a ham sandwich.  
Played a couple of sentimental songs...  
Shot out all the lights  
and strolled outside.

Didn't seem to be no one around  
so I shot my horse  
(poor critter).

Then I saw the Sheerf  
a standin' down at the end a' the road  
and he was shakin'  
like he had the Saint Vitas dance;

it was a real sorrowful sight  
so I slowed him to a quiver  
with the first slug  
and mercifully stiffened him  
with the second.

Then I laid on my back awhile  
and shot out the stars one by one  
and then  
I shot out the moon  
and then I walked around  
and shot out every light  
in town,  
and pretty soon it began to get dark  
real dark  
the way I like it;  
just can't stand to sleep  
with no light shinin'  
on my face.

I laid down and dreamt  
I was a little boy again  
a playin' with my toy six-shooter  
and winin' all the marble games,  
and when I woke up  
my guns was gone  
and I was all bound hand and foot  
just like somebody  
was scared a me  
and they was slippin'  
a noose around my ugly neck  
just as if they  
meant to hang me,  
and some guy was pinin'  
a real pretty sign  
on my shirt:  
there's a law for you  
and a law for me  
and a law that hangs  
from the foot of a tree

well, pretty poetry always did  
make my eyes water  
and can you believe it  
all the women was cryin'  
and though they was moanin'  
other men's names  
I just know they was cryin'

for me (poor critters)  
and though I'd slept with all a them,  
I'd forgotten  
in all the big excitement  
to tell 'em my name

and all the men looked angry  
but I guess it was because the kids  
was all being impolite  
and a throwin' tin cans at me,  
but I told 'em not to worry  
because their aim was bad anyhow  
not a boy there looked like he'd turn  
into a man--  
90% homosexuals, the lot of them,  
and some guy shouted  
"let's send him to hell!"

and with a jerk I was dancin'  
my last dance,  
but I swung out wide  
and spit in the bartender's eye  
and stared down  
into Neilie Adam's breasts  
and my mouth watered again.

/from Bukowski's forthcoming Black Sparrow  
book The Days Run Away Like Wild Horses  
Over The Hills. /



VIRGO

Clayton Eshleman:

AN ODE TO AUTUMN

Virgo-weather

dragon's teeth

the image is THE ARMY  
waters stored in the earth

the image is technique,  
repolarization,

you have come so far.  
What brought you here will  
not  
take you hence.

It will  
take you  
hence, will take you this fall, this chaff  
the bundle of your 34 years  
modeled on personality  
must fall

& I saw the power Virgo, not so much as my ascendent, my  
need to serve, but glyph of  
a turning, in the Space of analysis,

an ode to autumn.

In my mind these "things" turn,  
the stars are mostly seasons; and as it begins to get  
cold man moves closer to kin, so that at ice we find  
him at Capricorn, or State, tribe huddled  
before common fire.

I have lived, since I can remember, in the dramatic  
alone of my ego, I have lived fully this monstrance,  
in the empty of a hand held up. This summer  
something is up, a jig  
evokes a dance,

and thru the ravaged lion of this august  
 my life perceives this hand  
 held up before me, palm out,  
 behind whch are pyramids,  
 innate distrust of all  
 non-creative order.

Far removed  
 from that pulse I  
 would order in my wrist?  
 No, such a hand seems to say  
 Policeman  
 when you were six:

**STOP THE TRAFFIC THAT  
 THE CHILDREN MAY PASS**

O, it is very formal this pass,  
 and the children know to wait, to live in  
 the fulness of what the Virgin means to  
 all of us.

all of us,  
 a pyramid  
 my mind and heart seek  
 yes, desperately  
 to enter,  
 now I hear the lush  
 thronging to seats, and feel the smart  
 of my own slapped wrists,  
 you cannot "get there" with simply pressed clothes,

your own tidal  
 weeping? what is buried in this place of  
 rulers? All the words turn,  
 as if vectors toward

this hand...

I "fell" then,  
before this hand,  
was a sign to see  
the blackboard  
as an external world,  
& the hand I see before me now  
would take me back to  
forward to, that point,  
that Space wherein the child  
creates the world,  
the only real world is  
the created world,  
only in that sense is  
another truly real.  
Waters stored in the earth  
are imaginative powers,  
and the power to imagine is  
the spiritual life. Thus  
in a grandfather's clock  
are not dials but the steps  
of a pyramid at wch apex  
is the face of the sun.  
In my heart my hands  
are twisted to noon.  
All experience pumps to  
this unutterable vision.  
The shattered lion of  
experience knows only  
this lamb.

/ Yorunomado and Niemonjima are created figures I made in 1963 when I lived in Kyoto. I saw them as male female forces, a making human of what I sensed was bedrock in yin/yang. These figures, somewhat in the guise of the visual Los and Emitharmon from Blake's prophetic works flash again in my mind as challenge to the making real of woman and man. But I am troubled by the circumstances of their creation, and too the hold, then, on my mind, of Blake. I created Yorunomado and Niemonjima because I could not express my life directly -- I was repressing my sexual life with what-I-lived, and thus my emotional and the life of my heart too, and these figures seem squeezed out of the tension of refusing to know, to make conscious how I was living and of the necessity to be creative, to make man and woman real. Now if symbolic forms are related to repression how does one make an imagined world if one's energies at large are being expressed?

But it also makes sense to me that never do we dwell in such a state that could be honestly believed non-repressed. Many people come to mind with whom I would desire a fuller union, and in saying that all mankind is at stake. All mankind IS at stake in the necessity to BE creative, and the actual energy I drew on to create Yorunomado / Niemonjima may not have functionally changed.

If the energy of Virgo is "the crisis which must come at a certain stage of evolution if the creative, self-projective, dramatic aloneness of the human ego (Leo) is to become the expectant, potentially fruitful aloneness of the human soul (Virgo)", a poet might find himself at a juncture at which he either develops or begins to retrace known ground.

In Artaud's chant babble that breaks into his prose from Rodez --a prose in whch is rehashed again and again his position, his paranoia, his need to be released as he says "out of this world" -- I sense the struggle to make a movement, a new stirring out of this world meaningful. In going to what a friend called "baby Incan" he goes back to his childhood, to the time when language was a created thing. To express our-

selves as adults in the world is to depend on what others have created for us. Artaud hoped that via breathing and babble a breakthru would be made "out of this world". We recognize "out of this world" as part of the entire world the shaman inhabits, the twilit crack where the two worlds of the Yaqui shaman Don Juan meet. Thus Artaud's attraction to the various methods (opium, peyote) and society (Tarahumara) that would he felt release him from the spells & media of Christian Paris.

I hear "out of this world" for a poet as "toward a created world" in realizing this world. The Sphinx-like "virgin" with her hand held out, palm upward, with an armful of fresh-picked corn, can, in my own evolution be none other than a real worldly figure telling me to go back, stop, that now as it rises in its heraldry attests to a latent to-be-created figure of my imagination. Likewise the grandfather's clock beside her, in which time is fulfilled in Space, has only its superficial roots in a mantle clock in the living room of my childhood home that rang my going to school, at which I glanced to know when to go to bed. Deeper roots are to-be-created roots existing in a twilit crack.7

" If you innately distrust the pyramid as you said,  
do not now seek resolution -- remain in the Space  
of my upheld hand"

--who is speaking? I asked,  
"you do not yet know my name, I am a form  
of woman now being disclosed to you who you  
must abandon to that world in order to create in  
this. I am that form which fucks with your mind,  
which you idealize as partner out of wanting to be  
hurt. You have chosen me many times because you  
distrust yourself as creator; you have to see that  
my image is She-who-is-to-be-created, and that in  
that world it is impossible to secure me. To attempt to  
make me mortal is just that -- your own breed of  
masochism. Attempting to live with what your mind  
knows is real you participate only in your personality.  
Enter me here, fear not, Mary, for thou hast found  
favor with God."

O Virgo, fire!  
fire thru this lion of experience!

You are not  
as all the non-poets have named you the austere, the bedlam of  
the leech of analysis, the virgin is  
the forever made new, conceived in Capricorn  
fathered in Leo it is the man  
who now comes in the exactitude of redemption,  
recharge via your upheld Buddha stop hand, first  
to the laughter, ever anew, of his own body, and then  
to you, knowing if he were pure never could he taste  
the sweets of the forgiveness of sin, if he were holy  
never could he behold  
the tears of love! O

Virgo, fire! as feelings thru, as pistons  
thru the watchtower of my pride,  
oh the heavy boughs of every Harlot  
IS a Virgin, every

Woman an Infant Love! And the persimmons  
of Love eyes all my loves virginal in the shrapnel  
of my inconstancy exposed!  
IT IS Niemonjima, the new ghost, gathering the horny guys in,  
IT IS Niemonjima in the sad autumnal delights of Kansas City,  
in the body of this Diane . . . this Caryl . . .  
I have only to enter the Space of lonesome experience to feel,  
and to feel the wind struggle with the unseen stars over Manhattan,  
to see those stars dilate  
compassionate hand held out -- yes!  
arrest the traffic that the CHILDREN PASS,  
arrest my mechanical momentum  
scared kid buried in me still  
allow this cold to enter the community  
memory cannot serve.

That I should be imbedded  
with toes of corn! O  
tender tender infant toes!

And oh, Keats', what virginal tubercular towers!

1 - 11 September, 1969

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Kenneth Irby:

OLSON/MELVILLE, A STUDY IN AFFINITY,  
by Ann Charters, Ovez Press, Berkeley, 1968. \$2.50.

The title is not exactly accurate, since the book is entirely about Olson and Olson on Melville, not at all about Melville. Its value and interest lie in the amount of material by and from Olson himself -- letters, conversations, lectures (especially in the last category, the material given in the "Postscript") -- material, either biographical or cosmological, which is valuable far beyond Charters' theses and intents. I find the style and substance of her own remarks very much those of an undergraduate term paper, with perhaps more simply sloopy mistakes than even such a paper would have. To wit -- F. O. Matthies-  
sel is identified as Olson's Wesleyan professor, though he taught, and Olson knew him, at Harvard; Harry Levin is referred to as Levine; the system of footnotes and bibliographical references is chaotic beyond understanding -- footnote references are many times given for quotations pages after they are first introduced (without references) in Charters' text (e.g., p. 23, 25, 31) -- why not when first quoted? Material is quoted, sometimes at length (e.g., the long quote on p. 18) with no reference whatsoever, anywhere; on p. 56 a statement is footnoted "Ioid" which we must then search back to p. 49 to find the original for -- petty annoyances which exasperate. Especially so considering the tone of Charters' "serious objections to Olson's philosophy" (see page 20), which amounts finally to a putting down of Olson for the limitations of his thought as defined by her, her strawman made up of trot phrases, even patronizing at times. Charters' comments and additions are everywhere a dilution of what she presents -- but the amount of material from Olson himself, and the comment or two from Duncan, make this book invaluable to own. Perhaps it will stir someone who has access to the manuscripts, to try to issue a collection of Olson's Black Mountain lectures, the typescripts of one or two of which have been floating around for some time (c.f. the reference on p. 17).

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Joanne Kyger:

A NOVEL

Chapter One

I woke up very angry because I wanted to see where they  
were and I couldn't see where they were.

I thought get it over with, spewing great foul smells  
into the air confused as to what could join and what could not.

Oh everything can be joined  
and tore apart the small prints of his hands, and feet.

Like a great mantel about the head and shoulders I got it  
set in place because then I could be more comfortable.

This lady holds with one hand the bough of a jeweled tree.

## Chapter Two

Around the coal yard, purple iris and white iris were blooming. He was cutting my hair. "I don't suppose your daughter would mind if she found you cutting my hair, but somehow it all seems so clandestine."

He was a big man and self made. I wondered if he had sewn the blue and white chintz curtains hanging cheerily at the window himself. Or perhaps a maid. He seemed to handle things pretty well although sometimes one could worry about how the town people felt about things. I have no idea if they ever subjected to scrutiny the relationship of he and his daughter. However, from appearances, she seemed to live a normal life, going out and drinking beer with friends, etc.

Only yesterday I had seen them going from room to room in the Tibetan section of the Oriental museum, studying their very fine collection of scrolls. It had been fascinating for me to note how the large ugly blue power also had its mate clinging to complete it, or sometimes he was firey red and she was green, her bared teeth near his throat, a string of skulls hanging from his waist.

I was conscious of the fact that perhaps he was trimming my hair too short in the back, but he seemed to have his own ideas and perhaps they were better. Not that they were polished in any way, I was astounded at the way he simply seemed to carve with his straight razor around the top of my ear to cut that hair away. I know that it could have been done better but it served the job and soon all was finished.

I somehow felt it best not to presume upon the scene of yesterday for what they looked at in the Tibetan room, I do not know, and my own impressions were confused enough. We talked about his business, the people seemed agreeable enough in the small company he ran, helping themselves to tea when they wanted it and exchanging jokes back and forth. As I said, it was a coal yard, and he had been moved several times around the yard and stuck up together again, whereupon he moved in and made a charming but temporary abode. Simple things for the great folks! he often used to say.

I began to become uneasy as to his daughter's reaction when she arrived home. "Heavens she won't mind" he said. She always seemed open and cheery but I had heard she suffered dreadfully in a bad romance, and I thought drearily, I hope this all strengthens itself out somehow.

### Chapter Three

Jack pointed out various strange and illmade qualities of the house. "Another layer of wall has been added which you would have to tear off in order to expose the hot air or heating units and those are near the ceiling so they would be of no use at all." "I don't think you need any heat at all, really" I replied. It was a nice big room, although one must admit a bit ramshackled and clumsy, since it seemed that without much thought, what had been two separate units, were joined together to make one house.

We had walked there in the rain to see this show and they had done a pretty good job of setting it up, although there was that imbalance I spoke of. Out back it was a different matter entirely, slats exposed, for a rudimentary floor was all that existed. That strange cross hatching of slats I had seen used in a similar manner to build a fire. It was back when I had worked as a nurse for the two year old daughter of a very famous and well to do young couple.

He was a performer who worked as part of a singing group, and would come home exhausted by the demands made upon him. One night I could not seem to get myself or the child to the table soon enough and exasperated and tired he had just about decided dinner was not worth the trouble, saying to his wife, "Come on, let's go to bed", when I arrived with the child and said or did something, I cannot remember which, that broke the isolation of weariness from him, and smiling he went out to that funny courtyard of the house for bottles of wine and vodka. His wife hovering solicitously near him out back, as he showed us, "Look, three bottles of vodka", on the old unfinished planks and rib floor of the courtyard. And over a fire inside made of criss-cross stakes, he cooked a steak, and out the window and across the valley we could see the lights of the other houses. I tried my very best to look after and take care of those two, and also the child of course.

And it is now that I sense the futility of watching and looking after those who really only notice each other. Today it has stopped raining, the vegetable hawkers are outside, the orange flowers have started to fade a bit.

I did not want to take away those ordinary things of mine they did not seem to use well, or heedlessly, or with indifference, not even knowing they were mine, but placed them carefully back. And they went outside bursting with color off to the beaches and wonderful places. I put them back and I tried to go out too. It is not that I like to give false promises back.

## Chapter Four

When I was living at my mother's house they left me pretty much alone, I had a whole wing of the house, almost. But after a while I felt that even that wasn't isolated enough and I moved to a large snug room in the basement where I could entertain my friends. I decorated it in blue and was terrifically angry if any of my sisters came down there.

I felt aloof and superior, which I was. On my birthday they tried to give me a party but were making such a mess of it I hurled a large soup plate at them. This disgusted some of my friends, but they were not my friends anyway. When I investigated the refrigerator I found they had eaten most of the cake, I'll be damned if I was going to go canvassing around for it. I took a whole frozen pie.

In trying to make myself more snug, I often had to move entire sections of rooms around, as it occurred to me that this would be better, trying to draw it all in in the best way around me.

I invited a friend and her young son to stay with me for a while when they were travelling. I tried to keep my laundry separate from theirs. I think the gracefulness of asking them to stay was as far as my sensibilities extended on this matter and I scarcely remember what happened after they arrived.

It is often like that with me. I try so hard to please someone, I often forget where I am or what I am doing. That is why my own real tastes are somewhat of a mystery to me. If one could do exactly as they pleased, in the long run it would make for better harmony and clarity.

Chapter Five

What I wanted was a meeting between my mother and my friend from the coalyard, but she died. It surprised me. Like a dove lifting from a street.

I stayed for a while at the house of some friends, but I couldn't play their games, I don't know why my heart wasn't in it. Like dressing up in grand costumes and sitting down to dinner. I couldn't put mine on and hid in the kitchen.

I wanted to put together all the different things I was doing. I took a short trip to get out into some rugged country and walk around. However, as is usual with me, I took a ride when it was offered, and ended up watching some shetland ponies wander behind barbed wire in a run down park; and listening to furor over whether there was a hole they were getting into and out of.

Jack is my husband. He can see that I fuss over a lot of little panics and he has to see the obvious when the panics become enormous. Nevertheless, any small thing can become a pivot, although likely as not I find I am staring myself in the face. Jack holds up the mirror while I peek and crane about, "I have such lovely ears, I never noticed before etc." and this can go on for hours.

I saw a real fierce, fat, mad pony rush across a rough wide plateau. All four legs in the air at once, and he frowned. It was a lovely place, the sky was all red in the evening. Better take what you need. Bang! Bang! Bang! he thunders along.

## Chapter Six

I borrowed a boat from a friend, at least I think that was the arrangement, to take along some of my family and friends. I can tell you, I was relieved when I found out that it was a motor cruiser instead of the sailboat I had half expected for I don't know how I would have managed that. I vaguely thought, one tacks, doesn't one? As it was, I got involved with a last minute guest who was rather famous and I don't even remember who drove the boat at all. The guest, well actually it was Peter O' Toole, was rather drunk, and his eyes were exactly the color of the sea. I do remember, however, that when the boat managed to get stuck on a sandbar, I got down in the water to push it off, all the time worrying if my hair was getting ruined. You should look your best when you hobnob.

That's the way I act, anyway. It's not that I don't watch, anxiously, from the window for Jack to return. But if he combs his hair, it's not going to make Mine look any better. I do get people and landscapes confused, though. Their route is their route.

My friend at the coal yard can be philosophic about all this. If it's water for your teapot you want, take it out of the stream you're next to. The stones, the fish, and the bank aren't necessary.

## Chapter Seven

I was invited to be a bridesmaid at a wedding, or the matron of honor, I didn't know exactly which and the bride didn't either. She was rotund with dark hair and had been adopted. Her adopted mother had been a child prodigy on the piano and she had great gold cabinets full of presents her admirers had given her. She had an egyptian tear vase and had seen Nijinsky dance.

Her daughter was getting married in a real wedding gown, but this was after her mother died. I thought I would wear my white organdy dress I graduated from high school in and later had altered. It was Swiss material my mother had bought in China in the thirties. And a white seater and white high heel shoes. After a while I thought this was too summer like and my chest would look freckled. Besides it was winter so my black dress with the scoop neckline would be better, it was rather bridal looking, at least the neckline was. But then, was black really for weddings? I should have called her and asked her what she thought. But amid all this panic of decision on my part, she changed her mind and decided to have a very informal wedding in the country on a charming little spot next to some caves. As far as I understood then, this meant there were to be no bridesmaids or matrons of honor and I didn't have to worry about what to wear. At this point I had just about stopped speaking to her anyway, and besides I remembered that she had never shown up at my wedding, where I am sure she would have enjoyed herself.

So we all went to the caves, which they had made into a nice little tourist spot, and stood out front, while they got married. "I'm glad that's over" said Jack. "I never did like her" I replied.

I met a friend there of the coalyard man's. A rather riotous librarian who constantly lied about himself, as he was trying to get away with something. I always got immediately involved with him and I had an endless and agreeable chat in one of the lower caves, practically promising my life to him in agreeability, until I came to my senses and realized he was as bored as I. I made the first move and left to get involved with the phone calls coming to the bride and groom from well wishers.

Jack even called a friend of his by mistake. "I think John is trying to get in touch with us" he said. John wasn't, but he was friendly. "My hands are as cold as Philadelphia" he said.

## Chapter Eight

I saw a statue of Athena. She didn't have any head, but you could tell, from the way she stood, what she was like. It was very still.

When you think you know what you expect, you still want more. I am surprised when it catches me off base, "But I wasn't there." All of the people, all over, mounting and collapsing, and some of them I never hear from again.

It's a different place from where I want to go. I do care if a room is well made or not, and I don't like the perilous structures, not mine, in the recess of someone else's house.

"There's nothing to fear here, just chatting in the kitchen." I had a conversation with the coal yard man. "What do you think happened to the cat when the baby sat on it." "Well I suppose she just had her legs drapped over it and it lay there until she moved."

It was so easy to go racing out and spend my time meandering around some ratty harbor, or getting turned away from the house of an old friend.

"That's right. Just smell the flowers." His daughter came home, and we sat and talked. It was relaxed and friendly and as long as I remember I wasn't either one of them it was all right.

I was always asking for the specific thing that wasn't mine. I wanted a haven that wasn't my own, and the others knew. You find out, when they take you along, all the ill made parts that make you so scared.

Spring 1966, Paris

Stephen Jonas:

ADVERTISEMENTS OF THE TRIBES

Thinking to please you,  
i wrote this      but see you are sad.

odes in space-time  
where the equation is

beyond conjecture; "don't you try none of that here"

the perhaps martian Jehovah

of who mess' d up one planet

will you try for nine?

meanwhile, see that you

dot yr i's

& cross yr t's in public

observe the rite

to letter    of law

magic that is

"nisa dea"

old mr. rossi

whom we meet on the stairs

clutching at that

a social security check.

so man

by name of Hunter

drew bison on the cave walls

altamira

buttocks as fine as any Ruben ,

nymphs    surprised by satyrs    were they?

school of

"put lots of meat on them bones"

(kersoom) Zeus must have

come off like    thunder clap

or sowing mythical

wild oats

O september world    when nature

musses up    her handiwork

or april tells her clouds

piss on you

or to hell w/ odysseus

to have his fortune read

domenica

veneziano

& donatello

& O there's giotto's pupil

or just to catalogue names

in a language    where you can't avoid the rime

& cellophane diapers

for politicians & newsies .

be happy Poet w/ yr little bit

you won't miss a whole lot

Fortune's a fickle lady

w/ many offers .

spring

& the world spruces up a bit

appearing as if

Botticelli lent a hand in it

nature bustling about the matronly automaton

w/ verbal itchy feet for nouns haloing to you

across a landscape of

organic chemistry of words

to sprout again

afta the harsh notes of winter

mind squeezes out raw pigments

for a landscape

where outrageous cars

& billboards chase

the artist thru

& over hills of newsprint

run

& let none catch up to you

or you'll die laughing

or to lift words

from a mind where gravity is against you

of who makes his bed hard

lie in-it

complaining of stars

so be sure to write me

leaving the sentence out

or "do you feel anything"

after drinking the hemlock?

put on yr earphones

& hear Jehobah squark

of the ghost-writer

that was Genesis

"how much of it do you have to

swallow

before you throw up" ?

desperation shaped like a pill

in the autumn of the wafer

turn' d lately brown

to the better digestion

angel you sure do have big feet (J. Cocteau)

from walking up & down, honey

on the concrete

of heavenly streets

"i' ve never read anything like it before"

nor will you in the hereafter

from an appetite for newspaperhardtack.

kill ev' rything off one fell swoop

(the peaceful solution)

handwriting on the wall

in free verse

when shall we three meey again ?

father son & E = MC<sup>2</sup>

of one who just digs

seeing old religions gettin' bust' d

"just what is it can' you do w/ out" ?

pusher or the finance co.

i write these things w/ an open mind

(evacuation before confession.

the sins of our fathers the which i can't afford

"will it go on forever" ?

or do you run out of U 235 first" ?

a fine world you created me

w/ no mention of atomic fission

&amp; when the wind vers can't you smell it?

of the use of humans by subhumans, i sing

in a space allotted me

where i can't separate Time.

you must have been

some kinda thing

doing all this in seven days

"think i' m some kinda ass' ?

it is possible that you are

you man from the waist up.

horses are fond of their masters

& range in a broad

variety of colors.

mythology

from the other side

of the mirror before you.

the Poem can kill

but you will never know abt. it.

i take half

& you wrestle me for it

(elements of economics)

& t.v. is fattening

for the kill by the wolf

who hypnotises you.

get up & move about

so's i know you ain't dead.

men from Mars

must be writing our text books .

a dog that is man's best friend

or the hog

who just loves the stuff.

do all of 'em play golf

when Congress don't play ball?

so let me see you smile some

w/ them teeth i work' d so hard to git-ch'u.



Dear Order:

Richard Grossinger: THE GAME

It is late in the afternoon and the hot sun has cooled. Bob is standing in the lawn throwing baseballs against his apartment building. He greets us, and we walk over to the tennis courts. Lindy has her books: I bring the balls and bats. No one is playing, and we lay out a new stickball field. The old field, with its overhanging elms dropping the ball into the street for hits, is gone. Here we make a field using the different courts as singles and doubles, and the marked areas beyond them: triples and home runs. We wind a newspaper thru the fence for a strike zone and begin to play. The day is hot and Lindy sits in the shade by the picnic table and reads, Yates on astral magic, Charles Williams, and no one can throw strikes, and all the hits are triples and in the weeds, and the tennis players come. We take the bats and balls and gloves and go down the hill onto the big field, mowed, with baseball backstops and century old trees, modern apartment houses all around, late afternoon rock and roll and voices.

Now we are using a hardball, and against the dugout and scoreboard are doubles, triples one bounce over the fence, and home runs, over. I hit first. The sun is bright, and Bob shields his eyes to field. I loft some doubles over his head, then a single. Lindy comes down the hill and sits in the greater distance, under an elm, further than anyone can hit and in the opposite direction. She lies down and takes up her reading again. Bob misjudges a line drive, one bounce and over the fence: a triple. Now the ball is in the parking lot, and we must walk all the way around the fence to retrieve it. I fall back into the grass and lie there for a time. There is Lindy, upside down thru the grass and far away. I imagine she can hear me and call her name. A breeze has started and is blowing in the other direction, the illusion that my words blow back over my head and are shattered.

And earlier I was telling Bob, thru baseball, of the Qabbala, how certain scholars claimed that the word of God, the Bible was to be taken literally; the Qabbalists: yes, the Bible is the word of God, but how do we use, make use of such a word? how do we know what it is saying? It's not just a book you pick up in the library and read thru for the facts and the author's point of view, like a culture history of the California Indians. It is the Book, God's voice speaking what the world is; every passage is an incredible knowledge. If this is the Word, how do we hear it? What matter if this world is paradise when we are blind. What matter is the truth is written here and we only think we know how to read.

The Qabbalists agree that the Bible and Talmud are the Word of God, and the white spaces between the words are the Word, and the blank between the lines is also written by God. The words themselves are limited to history, a feeble culture history at that, but between the lines the world exists before creation, before translation into the common tongue. This is the Bible written by God before language was transformed into history, name into species

and population, before Atom or Adam impregnated the pig-woman, and her children filled the earth with the extended speech of Biblical pages; the Qabbalists are the literalists, and the literal Bible is an invisible world we cannot find on the carefully-scanned pages; the Qabbalists return to the literal word, for in the beginning was the Word, which is the Word they seek. The Qabbala, which is re-written from the Bible each generation, and not the Bible, which merely contains it, is God's word; for there is no lazy way to loll in the summer sun and gaze on the daisies, the wind over water. It is not literal that way. We can't be happy staring at an unread text. We must penetrate, and in penetration, what is called work or the work, running at full speed, a gate, a gasp opens, and the literal world lies revealed just behind the blindness of the literalists. There is no lazy way to play the game, or read the book, for the words are written just so, and mathematical operations like gematria must be applied to every word and every two words. We must find the hidden passages and the secret of their generation, for this is the way God made the world, leading always with matter, piling matter on matter by mathematical operation, by occlusion and occultism; in that this is history and each step historically occludes the previous; each motion is the tailend of what it is, and begins a new word. This is the way plants grow, the embryo hidden in the ripe fruit, the ancestors hidden in serial homologies, each step of the homology reached by a different law. Sex is built into matter, and matter divides and changes sexually. Nothing is done before we are turned on; until then we just lie around. And we cannot merely look at the flowers and be blessed and happy; we must read the division by which they come, the seasonal operation that goes into them, every time a cell divides, the yellow leaves bursting from last year's evergreen, the ferns swelling sexually with sori, jellies pumped from the field into the honeysuckle, the odor and color drawing the bee who weaves a new text, also literal, scattering by accident, in his wings, the seeds, the letters of the alphabet, from which next year's crop grows. This is not an easy text, nor is there a way in for old ladies with God's Word in their hands, a ten cent pamphlet of prophecies. The holy land lies behind the shins, or in their agitation, as Brownian or rainy, behind the leaves and flowers and the break of the branches, there the text begins. Bob thinks it is like the Sunday batting averages in the paper, cumulative with games played Friday night, history rolled onto these tablets and condensed. It is a game, but it is serious, it is not just a game.

I lie there in the grass smelling where it bleeds from cutting, and watching as Lindy rolls over to a better position, carrying the weighty babe in its last weeks in her, "Lindy, Linoy," and rolls still in the shade not hearing me, and a new breeze. We are inseparable, I think in the mind's eye, and she is here.

Bob comes running back and heaves the ball in. But I have lost the rhythm and don't get another hit in my round, go out to the field with a two-nothing lead. The ball drops out of the blue sky again and again; I catch it and throw it back in. The wind grows, and now the trees are louder than the music and the clouds come on; the backs of the leaves turn, waves of white thru the green, and each single tree I look at is part of the roar but no single tree is it alone, as the single waves of the ocean. I am exhilarated in the breeze and run to backhand ground balls, an infielder holding off singles, an outfielder snatching

flies in the webbing. I think, this is my body, I am in it, this is what I do, what I know how to do, it is here that it is happening, right now, not before or after, and whatever it is it will never happen again.

I am thinking of Castaneda, and Don Juan, the Yaqui shaman; the first time Castaneda takes Mescalito he awakes to find himself a human being after all, after all this time, it is too much and he cries. But I think a thousand times a second, I am human, and remember a thousand other seconds, like now remembering the night before and climbing into the bathtub. How strange it is that this is my body, and this is the planet where I came, where I am, of all planets and places, and this is where I am now fooled into taking a bath. As I run for the ball, the two of them come back together, oath and running, human and making the catch.

It is all given to us; I mean, this is America, and Castaneda must know by now that it is all given to us because nothing is given to us, and everything that we can't use is here, making it unduly easy, and what we need is available at no price, making it unduly hard. Though in any case it is hard. And then I wonder, how do I know that, how do I know anything without an ally? Or is Lindy my ally? Can a girl be an ally? as smoke is for Don Juan.

I bat again and score one more run. As Boo chases the ball, I try to make Lindy look by hitting two bats together, but she is too far. Now I am thinking of her as an ally. But the banging of the bats is perverse, a compulsive undercurrent, like pulling up a plant too young.

I go back out to the field and the wind is terrific; I am totally distracted, the whole warm day, and warm days, and their build-up of leaves and clouds being blown apart almost faster than I can hear or see. I am almost happy; I am almost guilty. What matter if this is an alien planet, and this ring around me, these trees, this city, to be smashed like glass to fragments and my body left for vultures. This is my body; this is where I am now. I wonder thru brain if there is other inside me than brain, merely using it as an instrument, a song to think thru. It is an old game, from childhood, of trying to imagine self apart from body, and seeing if it can be found. Brain is complex and compulsive, with a huge backlog of references, like brambles, hard to paw thru. I look around and the ring is made of letters, appearing in the coats of trees; the ring is made of glass and the glass ball is about to be smashed, the sun broken, the yolk loose in space, and here we still are playing in the wind, in the now. When I can see thru, I am still here.

Probably because I have always tried to imagine myself like this, apart from body, is why I never hit much, Ted Williams would be against this, Don Juan would too. But there is this other thing: talking about inside points as though they were outside, how much better than Jung, who does just the opposite; when who can tell, best to assume we are on a planet rather than that we came from one. Or better to live on a flowering field than in the collective unconscious among archetypes. Better to learn the parts of the flower than the parts of the angel, for the latter will come thru the former if it must, but it will never happen the other way. This is why the Qabbalists are revolutionists, and make of the world their own book.

Don Juan talks about her, Mescalito, and her way with people, how she will frolic with some and is fearsome with others; he talks about being a crow, about how one gains an ally; Devil's Weed is an ally; smoke is. Castan-

eda, being who he is, tries to draw that line between inside and outside, as if he were distinguishing between the Jungian, on the one hand, and the shaman, on whom the Jungian parasites. Castaneda wants to know if Don Juan is really a crow and no longer a human being. But, if we are Jungians, we can see that the crow is a place in the unconscious where Don Juan goes to "crow," or is it part of our racial memory and genetic plasticity to be a crow. Combining Jung with Ferenczi we find a human phylogenetic memory where all forms of plasm lie to be shaped by the head. And in the Jungian system our only ally is Psyche, the lost and deserted princess of Grimm, who is really deserted by the entrance of her lover into the World, a world she cannot enter with him, so abandoned in the castle, letting down her long hair. At other times Jung calls her Proserpine, doomed to the Underworld for having tasted one pomegranate seed there, the lost female of the male, the lost angelic component of the soul: thereby the angels and the allies, those who give us knowledge that we could never otherwise have, but knowledge which can be brought into the world only by ourselves, power that, in the end, can be exerted only thru our bodies, what we are now. Leary would say that Don Juan is using the natural and familiar order, made up of plants, and spots on the porch, and burning mushrooms, to mark out an internal world in which we cannot find our way (the world that is wrought on by drugs heightening the awareness we have of our inner cellular and molecular and atomic processes). We impose the known on the unknown to have landmarks, as an ancient map of the moon. The force which acts as a woman, her, is Devil's Weed; the form which brings knowledge and power is smoke, an ally; the playful dog is not a dog when seen deep in another world, it is Mescalito, a teacher. Jung, however, would call that inner world the more familiar one, and the outside world always under its archetypal demarking, always unfamiliar until we give it shape. But the point here is that Don Juan is talking about neither, and I will say neither rather than not one without the other. He is not distinguishing inside from outside, dog from Mescalito, even to show how, in the end, they are the same, for they always were: just as electromagnetic lines of force that cross and bind the universe are distinguished or not distinguished from the gravity of the earth; the trinity of the earth as or as not from the rain and the winds of the planet; the rain and winds as or as not from us, and our image of them; our image as or as not the cells that make it up, the atoms that make them up, the subatomic particles that lie in the lines of force....that ate the cake....that bought the goat....and so on. If there is a map it is continuous and moebius, a bottle without inside or outside. If there is an angel, she flowers on the desert, and in the Tetragrammaton. We eat the angel; she bursts inside of us, and there is another flower in us, and she acts like a woman. We go by a chart, but the chart is where we go. We gather in power like the harvest, or as lightning harvests a hot muggy day; the power is the law of who we are, we could never use it, but then we do. Lindy is an ally; she is at the other end of the field, and I must talk to her, tame her, please her; she is also inside of me, and neither of us can do anything about that. Now that I am writing I have other allies too; I see them as angels, as the sun descending thru the leaves, the ferns in shade, the dandelions gone to seed, the motion and alphabetizing of elm leaves and quince flowers. I have these allies, and Lindy is an ally; I have the power to say this much, and it is true, wherever I am: this is my world.

Frank Samperi:  
ANAMNESIS

moon    skyscrapers  
moon    branches

blocked

blue everywhere  
light ever  
center  
unseen  
where yes  
clearly  
flower  
not unlike  
no

gardens  
streets  
not wretched  
rather  
state  
projected  
discoloring

sit in a park  
otherworldly

the position Art is Life  
reveals the contradiction  
work as end in itself

I'm not struggling  
whatever the movement  
that's the way  
God wants me to go

literature can only approach integration

the way is tragic  
the resolution comedic

there can be no poetry  
if the resolution is utopian

they want you to submit  
to the other deceptive aspect  
of the Material Ideal  
comparative literature

therefore  
to withdraw  
from the literary world  
is a must  
this proves  
our style no style  
ars imitatur naturam  
in sua operatione

it takes courage to go this way  
because it is not the way of the world  
I mean  
the heretics  
can no longer be  
Luther  
Bruno  
Campanella  
heresy is going against  
the Material Ideal  
and only the spiritual man can do that  
but here going against  
is innocuous  
no trap  
no argument  
release  
the Material Ideal not something to be destroyed  
because the spiritual man not impeded  
his movement reaps  
enough daily to see thru  
release even the Material Ideal

can there be a poetry of place  
no  
people  
no  
no poetry that seeks to release  
even the Material Ideal  
can be dramatic  
epical  
or  
lyrical  
then what kind of poetry is left  
given the Hegelian  
the Marxist  
there can be no poetry  
because the upshot is  
the Platonic user  
maker  
no imitator  
therefore  
the kind of poetry  
we postulate  
is the kind that resolves  
book  
canzone  
song  
what kind is that  
theological poetry

do I have a life  
any recourse  
to the natural  
would seem to say  
no

on my way back  
from my parttime job  
I think  
have I written malice  
because I have failed  
to give lip service  
to the civil  
there are the workers  
breaking their backs  
the traffic  
complements them  
I'm the same  
only I refuse to submit  
my revolt  
is not to give in  
to any desire  
that ultimately leads  
to a justification  
position achieved  
society more fully reformed

then there's the home  
I return to my wife and children  
their existence  
tied up  
in the scheme of things  
surrounding  
how do I alleviate the burdens  
I don't  
I can't  
I'm just a worker  
and what is even worse  
a poet  
who sees his poetry  
as work  
a means towards an end  
do I desire  
to be anything other  
than a worker  
no  
thus the tragedy  
of my movement  
any worker's movement  
but the dialectical  
is not the thought process  
I'm involved in  
if involvement  
therefore  
process  
can in no sense  
take significance  
from a logic  
not referable  
to application

what about the political situation  
it's misleading  
of course  
it depends upon  
your position  
in society  
how else can you represent  
your particular view  
no report  
can ever claim  
to be ubiquitous  
therefore  
the uselessness  
of the reports  
they simply reflect  
the position's slant  
and of course  
the Material Ideal  
is the better for it  
because the solution of  
all these slants lies  
in the integral  
that knows no differences

how far can we go  
in our descent  
toward particulars  
not far  
our language  
mathematical  
or otherwise  
just reaps surfaces

it is said that Art is useless  
and that if useful  
it must be social  
and that if not social  
then the User Society  
cannot be in the position  
that dictates

word it again  
the imitator is in relation to  
Use in the Gift  
if this is so  
then the notion of audience  
takes its significance from  
Spirit the spirit an identification  
the final identification forgone  
therefore  
the theological poet  
indirectly reveals  
the user and maker  
in harmonious relation to  
the Holy Spirit  
because the true object  
of the theological poet  
is Eternal Form  
Species in the Image  
the experiential

the senses of the audience  
unimpeded  
each member released  
free to journey his own way  
it must be so

the spiritual life is the real  
nominalism can take no hold there either  
therefore  
since the poet's object  
is Eternal Form  
it follows  
that the quieting  
of epical desire  
is an indication  
of the transformation  
of the tragic ache  
for anterior time  
fulfillment real  
the tragic way  
re-directed  
in view of it  
it goes without saying  
that the comedic resolution  
is not total  
that's what constitutes  
the realism  
of the spiritual life

interesting how these same phrases  
keep cropping up in my work  
over the years  
they're the same words  
but the significance is different  
is this the range of particularization  
maybe so  
but one thing is sure  
God is the reason  
and end  
of all our movements  
we bear witness to the Gift  
the fact that work  
is not an end in itself  
gives us the insight  
that our release from it  
is not proof  
of its uselessness  
on the contrary  
our release clarifies it  
to an extent  
that is truly definitive  
does this imply  
that the self  
releases itself from work  
only in the end  
to look down upon it  
that could be read into the release  
but it makes no sense  
if the release  
is Eternal Life  
the work Eternal Form  
we live in and thru God  
therefore  
Eternal Form and Eternal Life  
are not an identity  
Eternal Form  
taking its realization from  
Spirit the spirit an identification  
Use in the Gift

if the spiritual life is fulfillment  
then the natural is participative  
therefore  
a spiritual art is full  
altho the fullness  
is not due to  
the space-time continuum  
from this it becomes clear  
that the civil  
can become like the natural  
altho again  
not in the sense of  
the space-time continuum  
because such a perfection  
is ontological  
an end in itself  
which prevents the civil  
from releasing itself  
from superbia  
it is true  
however  
that the civil fulfilled  
is no longer the civil  
but such a transformation  
shows the reality no impediment  
therefore  
it is clear  
how the spiritual artist  
can use the natural

the underground is a mania for the particular

should I talk of branches  
animals  
where in my daily movements  
an I met by the natural  
no where is not the answer  
but it does say  
the exertion to stay  
amidst the spiritual  
is least  
if a man knows  
that the state is least  
but that isn't true either  
because if the state is least  
then the knowledge of it  
is not the cause  
of the exertion  
being least

a failure  
my clothes prove it  
my apartment will soon be demolished  
yes  
renovation

the other circle  
circle  
no  
fulfillment  
which  
therefore  
does away with the word other  
draws up the circle  
involved in impediment  
transforms it  
returns it to itself  
a circle  
no longer in contradiction



Rochelle Owens:

Scene 2 from HE WANTS SHIH

(Costume and scene changes often happen in full view of the audience)

A street clash, non-Christian Chinese battle the Christians. Huge posters are carried showing the image of the Emperor Lan, also posters with slogans written of course in Chinese. A sign in English, or perhaps a banner is brought on stage, it says: China does not want Christianity believing her own religions sufficient for her needs. The Christian group is led by two fat American politicians who scream out both Chinese and English words. The music combines American marching band with Chinese. People are running back and forth... the incredible noise and frenzy dissipates until finally the voices of the Americans are heard. They are trying to maintain order.

KLINGER

NEE-MONG! ATTENTION! NEE-MONG! ATTENTION! IF A HAIR ON MY HEAD IS HARMED BY THE NON-CHRISTIAN PIGS AND DOGS--AMERICA WILL DEMAND AND RECEIVE A HUGE INDEMNITY AND TERRITORIAL CONCESSIONS AS WELL!

GRABHARDT

YES! YES! T' SANG KU YEN KUNG!

LI HANG

THE RELIGION--THE SOCKET OF YOUR EYE! SPEAKS OF PEACE ON EARTH AND GOODWILL TOWARD HUMANS--COMES ARMED FOR TERRITORIAL AGGRESSION!

KLINGER

We're here to civilize you.

GRABHARDT

Wu tsung pu Yes! And cut off your pigs-tails!

(The non-Christian group becomes excited, they pass out among themselves "weapons" which are small sticks and stones.)

### KANG

Rise up Chinese! OVERTHROW THE DYNASTY! FORCE OUT THE AMERICANS! THE BARBARIANS! THE GUILTY ONES! FOR EVERY CRIME THERE IS A PUNISHMENT!

(The crowd yells: "SA NG CHUT SWEE NG LUK BOT!" The Christian groups suddenly pull out huge scissors from their clothes... running after and catching the non-Christians and cutting off their pig-tails.)

### KLINGER

WE CUT OFF YOUR PIG-TAILS AND THEN-- THEN WE TRANSLATE-- YOU INTO AMERICAN! WE TRANSLATE YOU INTO AMERICAN!

(laughing wildly)

TRANSLATE YOU INTO AMERICAN LIKE A LATIN PRAYER--OR A GLASS OF BEER!

(Klinger and Grabhardt are surrounded by the non-Christians)

AGAIN I SAY IF A HAIR IS PULLED OUT FROM MY HEAD-- EVEN ONE! THE EMPEROR OF CHINA WILL AVENGE ME! THE TEN-THOUSAND YEARS MASTER WILL AVENGE ME--WE ARE HERE BECAUSE OF YOUR EMPEROR!

### GRABHARDT

NEE MONG! NEE MONG! THE EMPEROR WILL CUT OFF YOUR HEATHEN MONKEY HEADS--IF YOU TOUCH ONE LITTLE HAIR ON OUR HEADS! THE EMPEROR OF CHINA IS OUR FRIEND! (laughs)

### KANG

YOU HAVE DEFILED US! Chang tsu tang yu fan kuo! YOU CUT OFF OUR HAIR!

### KLINGER

TAO SHUO AII YES! BE GLAD THAT YOUR PIGS-TAILS ARE GONE! YOU MONKEY FAGGOTS! YOU MONKEY FAGGOTS!

(The Christian group screams: "YOU MONKEY FAGGOTS!" The non-Christian group chants and the chanting merges with the screams of the other group. Li Hang speaks:)

## LI HANG

(His presence and extraordinary look causes everyone to quiet down. He wears a mask which has no features, just a gaping and bleeding mouth)

I gaze on the past... and on the future. I have delved deep, meditating the fate of the Chinese. ... To what profit are those who have no thought of goodness? How owe allegiance to those devoid of virtue? Hsien kai pa... The stream of time pours.... everything away. Pour away the strange and perverse beliefs of the foreigners... who confuse you with whirlwinds! Obscene flattery! Scissors have cut off your braids... they cannot cut off your sorrows... in your hearts! O Chinese would that we could be brothers for all ages! In a life to come!

(He faints)

## KLINGER

(Screaming to the non-Christians)

Lift your chief monkey up! Ride him on your shoulders! --I'M SICK OF YOUR FACES--I'M SICK OF YOUR FACES! Put that monkey on your backs!

(they lift Li Hang up. He is unconscious.)

Now we go--we all go to pay our respects to the Emperor!

(laughs)

The need for new tricks is stirring around in his brain. Are we--Americans!--to be blamed because your Emperor wants to learn new tricks! Are we to be blamed because the cut off head of the Empress still rules China!

(He signals to them. His group pulls Li Hang away from the non-Christians and castrates him. There is much laughter and like a disease it spreads also to the non-Christians. Now the mood is 'joy' everywhere and for everybody.)

The Emperor wants to do acrobatics! And shadow boxing! And learn magic from us! Two white barbarians! WHAT CAN I SAY--WE ARE ABLE TO CHANGE BREAD INTO BEER--I MEAN INTO THE FLESH OF A GOD! AND WINE INTO BLOOD!

(laughs)

ARE YOU ASHAMED! YOUR EMPEROR HAS COMMITTED NO CRIME AGAINST THE CHINESE PEOPLE! HE LISTENS ONLY TO THE HEAD OF HIS MOTHER!

(laughs)

AND HE WANTS TO LEARN TRICKS! TIU TOW TA WAN TI CHENG!

(They all scream: "TIU TOW TA WAN TI CHENG!")

The Emperor wants to penetrate deeply, to probe the secrets of the Universe!

Like a dream! Like a vision! Like a bubble! Like a shadow! Like dew!

Like lightning!

(laughs wildly)

Now! Grabhardt, now!

(Grabhardt waves a pair of scissors as though it were a baton and sings)

## GRABHARDT

We praised thee Father, we give thanks to thee for the light wherein there is no darkness.

(Everyone sings this refrain.)

(Darken the stage. Let those who were there go.  
 (Princess Ling and Dagaroo are together... The head of the Empress sits... And a caged owl is there... and a fire burns)

## PRINCESS LING

I love nothing better than Lan!... What shall be? What shall be? We are drawing further and further apart... yet my desire is increasing... and my heart aches!

(sings)

Waiting for the beautiful one who has not yet come... He competes with the sun and moon in brilliance!

(to Dagaroo)

Why should I feel danger, Dagaroo? I only seek the good of my adored Lan. But I hate the wantoness of my adored... and I hate when his eyes... are strange...

## DAGAROO

(Gutteral)

The only one, the lonely one... Know the male... cleave to the female.

## PRINCESS LING

(She has not heard him. Her voice is excited.)

Lan's eyes are so strangely brilliant! When he looks at me it seems he sees himself!

## DAGAROO

Through him... and with him... and in him... is a female.

## PRINCESS LING

(She has not heard him.)

...But he does not love me... I want to say to him, take me with you when you go home.

## DAGAROO

The flesh... so strong smelling... so sweet smelling... a scared offering.

(He picks up a flute and plays it)

## PRINCESS LING

(Singing)

Ah sun, ah moon... there is a man I want. Wong tso tang I wish I had never seen him! Ah sun, ah moon O shadows... There is a man... Better if I had never seen him! Ah sun, ah moon... Wong tso tang....there is a man who says no truth....Wong tso tang... I will never forget him! Ah sun, ah moon O father, O mother... why was I born? Wong tso tang... I love him beyond all reason.

(For awhile she is quiet... then she speaks to Dagaroo.)

Explain to me... things I do not understand... about the monk Feng and how I want to scream at him--WHAT MAKES YOU SO UGLY! I AM AFRAID OF YOU! GO AWAY! GO AWAY UGLY MONK!....Dagaroo, do you know--that Feng wears a large pearl sewn inside his robe... and his robe is perfumed!

### DAGAROO

You have been taught the four acts of virtue... but you are human... with jealous eyes!

(He grimaces, plays the flute and dances. He screams in a falsetto voice)

Such a noble young lady is a fit bride for her lord! --It is better to hide the chaste soul's radiance! The world hates a thing too pure--AND DEVILS BURST INTO LAUGHTER!

(Loud laughter is heard. The lights shine on Lan and Feng. When she sees them the pathetic girl creature faints. This makes everybody laugh and carry about, mainly Dagaroo who dances and shrieks in glee.)

### LAN

(Pouring some wine for Feng)

With my whole heart I adore you! With bells and drums ringing I rejoice in you! With my whole heart I honor you!

### FENG

I shall transport my Lord, My Emperor to the heights of the ideal ruler... the winds of my instruction will purify the land!

### LAN

You are wise and I am only a fool... who loves new tricks!

### FENG

My Lord will not neglect his duties... My Emperor has come to rule over a new age! My Emperor will have the loyalty of the people! Without him the people would certainly fail.

### LAN

I am like dust floating in space... I try to keep it secret... How shall I pass my

life... how hard must I work? I have no ability in managing affairs... I want only to learn new magic tricks--and some nights I do my acrobatics until the sun comes up!

## FENG

Many nights I ride my donkey over the mountains and I think of new poems... Lan, day and night we will rise and sleep together, drink and eat together... When I die I will give you all the poems I wrote... O friend! O Emperor!... He who is born from the womb sees only this world, only he who is born out of himself sees the other world! My reason and heart is joined to yours! When you look at me you see your own nature!

## LAN

I love you.

## FENG

Then lean on my heart.

(They embrace.)

A door am I to thee who knockest at me... a way am I to thee who passest!

(Feng motions to Dagaroo to awaken

Princess Ling.)

She moves like a cricket from out of a jar.

(laughs)

Dagaroo, take the liver from the owl.

(Dagaroo kills the owl and removes its liver.)

Dagaroo, tie the liver up in the scroll. Hang it up near the fire.

(Dagaroo does as Feng orders. Feng then

walks to the hanging liver and stares at it.)

Princess Ling, stand near the fire!

(Dagaroo leads the princess to the fire.

Feng writes on a piece of paper and throws

it into the fire. He speaks to the princess.)

I look at you with anger... as if you were my enemy. Are you afraid of me?

## PRINCESS LING

Yes.

## FENG

Do you envy me?

## PRINCESS LING

No.

## FENG

Do you envy me?

## PRINCESS LING

I am afraid!

## FENG

Do you envy me?

## PRINCESS LING

I am afraid!

FENG

Do you envy me?

PRINCESS LING

Yes!

FENG

Are you troubled by envy?

PRINCESS LING

Yes!

FENG

...Ask me to forgive you.

PRINCESS LING

(She kneels before him)

Forgive me.

FENG

You will sleep. And you will see in a dream that you have made a mistake... and that you must come to me to make amends... otherwise you will feel that you will die. And if you go away, and cannot come to me... I will know that you have repented when the liver takes the shape of a crescent, and then the spell will be removed. This I will do by making the sacred letters, and placing them in water, until the writing disappears. I will remember to think that I forgive you.

(Dagaroo leads her to a resting place.

She falls asleep. Feng speaks to Lan:)

This what I have done is the secret that is called the treasure of learning. Lan, you will go with me to the length and breadth of all knowledge! My Lord and King, I have grasped and showed you my magic! And through my magic you will set forth the model ways of the Emperors! --I give you my heart beyond all worldly ends. My Emperor! Swear an oath that never would anything be allowed to separate us.

LAN

I swear to heaven that I will not forsake you!

FENG

(Calling to Dagaroo.)

Tzu ming chieh nan tai lo!

(Dagaroo brings him the opium.

Feng points to the head of the Empress.)

Seek her from out yourself and learn that it is she who takes possession of everything in you... her God, her spirit, her understanding, her soul, her body, and learn whence came sorrow and gladness, and hate and love, and the unwished for wakefulness and the unwished for drowsiness, and the unwished for anger and the unwished for... love. And when you think upon these things, you will find her within yourself... the one and the many... for it is from her the old Buddha that you have your beginning.

(He rises and begins to dance and chant.

Lan watches him as if Feng were a snake,

he joins him in the dance. Dagaroo breathes as though his breath was the instrument that moved them to dance. A loud vibrating hum seems to come from the head of the Empress. The head speaks:)

#### THE HEAD OF THE EMPRESS

Eating the flesh... sleeping... sleeping on the skins. Look-- it is in your heart!

(Lan, Feng exit. Dagaroo and Princess Ling remain. The lights go down. The hum from the head of the Empress becomes very loud. When the lights come up, there is a huge head of the Empress. The tongue hangs out. Next to the head are the war buttocks. Huge buttocks set on muscular short legs. From out of the opening of the buttocks many different kinds of weapons are thrown out, a shield, lance, sword, bows, arrows, guns, dynamite, grenades, all kinds of old and new weapons. Soldiers emerge from the hole, screaming and chanting.)

#### THE HEAD OF THE EMPRESS (continued)

We are dependent on that condition where air, water, and oil, where cosh and tanh flow in a droplet... it is mixed homogeneously... this is the life one is interested in... by conviction we make war! Yet means the great thickness earth. In a steady state reaches temperatures of metal. Yet means the great thickness earth! As it must of course be the gray gas... We are dependent on that condition... where air, water and oil where cosh and tanh flow in a droplet... it is mixed homogeneously... this is the life one is interested in... By conviction... we make war! In a steady state reaches temperatures of metal. Our skulls heat up!

(The soldiers fight, wound and kill each other with stylized gestures. Dagaroo cracks cymbals together like a madman and the soldiers scream in pain... when the head does not speak.)

I am hangwoman, Tzu Hesee... I eat the brains and lungs of people.

(Soldier brains another, another soldier stabs someone else.)

I use the roots of men for medicine... I breathe into their wounds!

(Soldiers lie down in front of the head and the head breathes on them.)

My tongue drives food into men. I exhale air into men. I pass to them also death... My mouth says War! War! War! I war on men! My mouth says split bones! Split bones! I want to eat the bone marrow! Bone marrow! I

want to crack the base of skulls! Skulls! Skulls! Scatter bones! Scatter bones!  
 Scatter bones! I do not bury! I do not bury! I breathe incense! I breath incense!  
 Who ought to rule? Who ought to rule? Corpse eyes! Corpse eyes!  
 The raw feast! The raw feast!

(Soldiers hack at each other, bodies are spread all over.)

Cheng, ba na look see kai tsa ut! Come here! You who like the places and times in which duplicity and trickery are done, come here! You who try to deceive those who see things: that they may appear to see what they do not, and that they may hear what they hear not, and that their senses may be tricked! And that they may see what is not true! Bread into flesh! Water into wine!

AGLAI AGLAI AGLA!

(Grabhardt and Klinger are marched out, they are bruised and covered with oil.  
 Slogans have been stuck on their bodies.)

Let their eyes be darkened! That they see not!

(A soldier stabs Klinger and Grabhardt in their eyes.)

And make them shake and sleep the sleep of death!

(Grabhardt and Klinger are killed. The dead are removed. The lights shine on Princess Ling. The head speaks.)

The bright moon comes to shine on you, and a man is missed. Princess Ling! The God of Poetry smiles on you. Look, there are actors, musicians, are they human or supernatural beings! Are they demons!

(Shadowy figures enter.)

Look a cluttered landscape with a stream and a bridge, pines and weeping willows, mountain peaks and mist. The genie, Ming Ying Want... is he Lan! The divinity of mountains and streams! He comes in majesty!

(Lan and Feng enter)

Princess Ling, you will be beautiful lying next to Lan... your white skin next to his brown. And he will be nude to the waist... and he will wear heavy necklaces ... and a scarf will cross his breast from the left shoulder.

(Feng garbs Lan accordingly.)

Then he takes his wand; with this he calls up the ghosts! Gives or takes away sleep... and unseals the eyes in death. O you young girl who can weave silk-- so much your love and heart!

(Lan goes to Princess Ling who pretends to sleep,)

### LAN

How can you sleep? How can you sleep? I have the jewel that fulfills desires!  
 Hsien chung jen.

### PRINCESS LING

I dreamt of you planting a green bamboo, and I dreamt of a bird that soared over the highest mountain! Tsai chao kuan.

LAN

(He kisses her cheek)

Laughing eyes! Laughing eyes! I rode on a painted chariot... my beloved rode on a horse... when shall we become true lovers?

(She sighs deeply.)

You sigh... like the sound of a fanning wing of a bird. Sigh again...

(She sighs)

Sigh again... sigh again... and again... No end, no end... to your little sighs... there is a truth in them. Your heart expresses a single desire... a secret that you never say.

PRINCESS LING

It is bitter to lie in bed alone...

LAN

And again you sigh... Won't you ever stop? No end... no end... like a million stars in the sky. Is it bitter to lie in bed alone?

PRINCESS LING

Yes, yes!

(Lan looks away from her.)

What are you thinking?

LAN

Something fills my thoughts... far away... once I had a friend who shared my.... feelings... we walked hand in hand...

PRINCESS LING

Bok?

LAN

Bok.

(He kisses her)

When shall we become true lovers?

(Again he kisses her... and then he draws away from her.)

Dien ku shih! You like to kiss!

PRINCESS LING

Shua, hsi...

LAN

Yes... I can feel you like to kiss! You would like me to kiss you again... you would like to feel... pleasures... delights... of our flesh... rubbing together... To nao teng!

(singing.)

To whom shall I send the flowers I have plucked... The one who fills my thoughts has gone afar... We parted from each other though our hearts are one.

(He hands her a flower; while she holds it he pulls it sharply upwards and her hand slides along the bloody stem)

(subtle.)

You like to kiss... you like to kiss... you like to kiss... With what passion your heart is burning!

### PRINCESS LING

(Embraces his feet.)

Husun hsin! I am sick for love!

(He moves out of her grasp. Then jumps over her and laughs... and she laughs because he laughs!)

### LAN

With what passion your heart is burning!

(Laughing and leaping over her again and again. At first she is innocent of the evil happening --she does not see it and so she is playful but then the mood comes to her mad and terrifying as he leaps over her again and again... her breathing is as desperate as his.)

With what passion your heart is burning! With what passion your heart is burning! With what passion your heart is burning!

(Lighting wild and mad... then they go out completely... the jumping and breathing sounds are heard along with the music.)

### THE HEAD OF THE EMPRESS

(Quiet. The stage is dark)

Po fen cheng tzu tai chuai nang show kung shan tien pao tsu fen wu kao ta ha... Understand the head, chief, first... birds, birds, and beasts... on all sides fierce, savage, a rat a mouse... brains, a gourd... the head to search to search to search...

(The lights come up. Lan holds Princess Ling in his arms.)

### LAN

... an absolute matter of fact fan mei lao... really and truly... true chen sha ...only... only... my eyes bite your slender neck... bird-throated girl... the perfect ideal tsang yen fang kuan... is locked in my heart... two men... male and male... one and one... the whole... quiet... quiet... in a turn of the eye ... brothers of one teacher... secure the immortality and the supernatural powers of the way hsien lien.... Delicate tender girl... I hold you in my arms ...I open your eyes wide with my fingers... and stare into them... I laugh loudly Ha! Jo! Chi! Ha ha!... I yawn also lovely girl as if we had just awakened on a heap of grass... with a vague feeling as if we had been dreaming and had just awakened from the dream... There is not a single joint or part of our bodies that does not ache... What do I say to you? What have you inside you... that

I am so afraid of... that makes me shake my head violently no! No!... to you  
... your soft little hands that make me cold... The coldness wants to make my  
stomach burst!

(laughs)

You are sleeping your semi-idiotic sleep! Lao kung yu chia!... And there's a  
mass of broken stones and brambles in my soul... I would like to beat you until  
your skin opened and your flesh was ripped up! ... You said I had a cruel heart  
... but my tears wet the pillow through... you don't know about it... hsia ko  
leng... How strange you looked... on your back... with your legs and arms  
sticking upwards... how strange!

(laughs)

... Waiting for me to play the man!... I was absolutely contented just to watch  
you with your head pressed hard against the wall! In your head is a bag of use-  
less brains--little nun!... I feel towards you as I feel towards a three-legged  
toad!

(laughs)

Jang! Shih! Wen!... You told me that I am beautiful! You told me that you felt  
as if desire were a tiger eating you!

(laughs)

... when you looked at me... You should hide yourself on a hilly road in a  
place where the grass grows thick... and wait there for animals to tung wang  
kon!... And you tell me that in me is concealed a strange and terrible mystery  
... they are just waves and surges in me...

(laughs)

the beginnings of the need to do my acrobatics!

(laughs)

Or practice my magic to open up the tombs of the dead Emperors of China!

(laughs)

You tell me that you burn for me! Hsien fu! Mao li!... Your reason is in er-  
ror! One is all and through it is all and by it is all and if you have not all! All!  
... So lien tao!... Do not burn for me... tsua ta yang erb... give sighs... take  
mouthfuls of breath! You want to want endlessly like an incense burner burns  
without end... How you want to grasp! Grasp! Chen kung shen!... Wet me  
wet me with your femaleness leak out ooze on me... your face purplish while  
you clutch me!... your love is hard little clutches which twists my soul--not  
my soul! My intestines into an icy lump! Your lust has the smell of earthworms  
coming out of wet ground... my body shrinks when it touches yours... your rot-  
ting body... your rotting female part that spreads out... like a crab in the sun!

(He leaves her and goes to the wall

leaning against it and breathing  
heavily.)

... Think that I think it strange for a man and a woman to make love together...  
because they are so different... like the wind is different from a shorn lamb...  
like dew is different from lightning!... Hard will be crushed... the sharp will  
be blunted! Endure disgrace and become a valley for the world... going far a-  
way... means returning... I want to concentrate my breath... to make it soft  
like that of a little child... fan chieh kai yen... In his rule of the Empire, the  
sage wishes to make himself like a small child!

(Feng appears. They stare at each other.  
When they speak to each other, it is as  
a kind of ritual or ceremony.)

FENG

That which at birth is so is what is called nature.

LAN

Hsiu sang... wash me.

FENG

That which at birth is so to be called nature just as white is called white...  
Teng cho yan.

LAN

Wash me.

FENG

The white of a white feather is like the white of white snow... pao yan.

LAN

Wash me.

FENG

The white of white snow is like the white of white jade... lia tao.

LAN

Wash me.

FENG

(Intense.)

Is the nature of a dog hsing! Like the nature of an ox?

LAN

Chau... no.

FENG

Is the nature of an ox like the nature of a man! Nan son tien!

LAN

Chuan... no.

FENG

(washes Lan's body)

The nature of a man is like water. Open a passage for it to the east and it will flow to the east, open a passage for it to the west and it will flow to the west... That which at birth is so, is what is called nature. The nature may be made to be good, or may be made to be evil. Therefore under Kings Wen and Wu the people loved what was good, whereas under Kings Yu and Li the people loved what was cruel.

LAN

(Intense.)

I I want...

FENG

The Sage wishes to be a small child!... The King fulfills the ideals of government. He who fulfills both is worthy to be the culmination of the world!

LAN

I hate the world.

FENG

If you oppose it... it will make your heart bleed! You are the Emperor! You must not break your vow to me!

LAN

What do you want?

FENG

You must care about your power as the Emperor!

LAN

You will not understand me!

(He grabs up a lute and in a frenzy begins  
to play it and sing:)

You're a thing! Chu chan tui! You hound! Wa yen shang! You're a liar! Kan ta chan! You useless image! Yen shang! You sheephead! Yan chi kan! You son of an ape! Tsion kan chien! You imp of Satan! Lien chih tai! Go to hell! Yen tsai chao! You silly fool! Chi mang chiu! Hun tan!

(Lan throws the lute to the floor and then  
wildly does his acrobatics. He then collapses  
on the floor laughing. The head of the Empress  
laugh also.)

#### THE HEAD OF THE EMPRESS

His soul is free of earth and heaven. He enters into freedom clutching his buttocks and laughing loudly! Hsun hsin tang sail He is full of blood and breath!  
Enlightenment! Like a bird and a beast!

(Blackout. Lights come up. Princess Ling  
is with Dagaroo. She plays a game of counting  
her fingers. She asks a question and while  
doing so counts each word with a different  
finger.)

PRINCESS LING

Che li pa.

(counting her fingers.)

Did Lan think my lips were beautiful? Shua hsia... Did Lan want to love me?

Kuai hun... Did Lan see how smooth my skin is?

(monotone)

I am virgin... praiseworthy... what is the sound that fills my ears? ...between water... and air...

(Intense light shines on the head of the  
Empress.)

## THE HEAD OF THE EMPRESS

SHENG TSU HU!

## PRINCESS LING

Sheng tsu hu... the ruddy flesh bright! Greater than what follows... passes to  
the lips... causes darkness... with what passion my heart is burning.... lai hua  
chiao tsu erh pan sheng...

(She takes a burning torch from the wall  
and holds it to her breast.)

## INTERLUDE



Diane Wakoski:

(2 poems

**A POET RECOGNIZING THE ECHO  
OF THE VOICE**

**I. Isolation of Beautiful Women**

"How were you able to get then of the world's most beautiful women to marry you?"

"I just asked them. You know, men all over the world dream about Lana Turner, desire her, want to be with her. But very very few ever ask her to marry them."

paraphrase of an interview with  
Artie Shaw

We are burning  
in our heads  
at night,  
bonfires of our own bodies.  
Persia reduces our heads  
to star sapphires and lapis lazuli.  
Silver threads itself  
into the lines of our throats  
and glitters every time we speak.  
Old alchemical riddles  
are solved in the dreams of men  
who marry other women and think of us.  
Anyone who sees us  
will hold a small hand,  
like a mirror in which they see themselves,  
and try to initial our arms  
with desperation.  
Everyone wants to come close to  
the cinnamon of our ears.  
Every man wants to explore our bodies  
and fill up our minds  
riding their motorcycles along collapsing grey highways,  
sequestering their ambivalent hunting clothes  
between our legs,

reminding themselves of their value  
by quoting mining stock share prices,  
and ours.

But men do not marry us,  
do not ask us to share their lives,  
do not survive the bonfires  
hot enough to melt steel.  
To alchemize rubies.

We live the loneliness  
that men run after,  
and we,  
the precious rocks of the earth  
are made harder,  
more firey,  
more beautiful,  
more complex  
by all the pressing,  
the burying,  
the plundering;

even your desertions,  
your betrayals,  
your failure to understand and love us,  
your unwillingness to face the world  
as staunchly as we do;  
these things  
which ravage us,  
cannot destroy our lives,  
though they often take our bodies.  
We are the earth.  
We wake up  
finding ourselves  
glinting in the dark  
after thousands of years  
of pressing.

## II. Movement To Establish My Identity

"I know what wages beauty gives,  
How hard a life her servant lives,"

"To A Young Beauty," W.B. Yeats

A woman wakes up  
finds herself

glinting in the dark;  
the earth holds her  
as a precious rock  
in a mine

her brain is a jumble  
of sediments,  
of mixed strata,  
of valuable,  
beautiful,  
of bulk.

All men are miners;  
willing to work hard  
and cover themselves with pit dirt  
To dig out;  
weigh;  
possess.

Mine is a place.  
Mine is a designation.  
A man says, "it is mine,"  
but he hacks,  
chops apart the mine  
to discover,  
to plunder  
what's in it/ Plunder,  
that is the word.  
Plunder.

A woman wakes up  
finds herself  
scarred  
but still glinting  
in the dark.

### III. Beauty

"only God, my dear,  
could love you for yourself alone  
and not your yellow hair."

"For Anne Gregory," W. B. Yeats

and if I cut off my long hair,  
if I stopped speaking,  
if I stopped dreaming for other people about parts of the car,

stopped handing them tall creamy flowered silks  
 and loosing the magnificent hawks to fly in their direction,  
 stopped exciting them with the possibilities  
 of a thousand crystals under the fingernail  
 to look at while writing a letter,  
 if I stopped crying for the salvation of the tea ceremony,  
 stopped rushing in excitedly with a spiky bird-of-paradise,  
 and never let them see how accurate my pistol shooting is,  
 who would I be?

Where is the real me  
 I want them all to love?

We are all the textures we wear.

We frighten them with our steel;  
 we fascinate them with our silk;  
 we seduce them with our cinnamon;  
 we rule them with our sensuous voices;  
 we confuse them with our submissions.

Is there anywhere  
 a man  
 who  
 will not punish us  
 for our beauty?  
 He is the one  
 we all search for,  
 chanting names for exotic oceans of the moon.

He is the one  
 we all anticipate,  
 pretending these small pedestrians  
 jaywalking into our lives  
 are he.

He is the one  
 we all anticipate;  
 beauty looks for its match,  
 confuses the issue  
 with a mystery that does not exist.  
 The rock  
 that cannot burn.

We are burning  
 in our heads at night  
 the incense of our histories, finding  
 you have used our skulls  
 for ashtrays.

March 2, 1969

## THE LAMENT OF THE LADY BANK DICK

I ruffle the pages of the Sahara Desert,  
burnishing the lips of old movie stars and remind myself  
of a dual existence.

You,  
the gangster I am trying to reform, your  
long mustaches dripping  
down from your jaw, tangling  
into dreams of Garands,  
as you sit  
in Max's Kansas City,  
the bar  
all operators know about. I, the lady bank dick,  
threatening your masculine role  
with the .22 pistol  
I always carry hidden  
in a place only you'd  
think to look.

And our involvement is an historical one,  
(though I laugh that our entanglement came in the year '69)  
because what you run away from  
is not Alcatraz or San Quentin,  
but me.

I am small and soft and elegant. A woman  
law-abiding men dream of,  
slipping into their lives;  
wearing my french coat; sliding through long countries  
in my Maseratti;  
driving them away from bank payments and wives,  
shadowing my eyes with their honest hands. But how can I  
love these straight men?

I tail the one I love,  
the man who's taken millions from the Chemical Trust.

(Don't they  
say,  
"when a woman's needs are financial,  
her reaction is chemical?")

Yes, you are my hero.

More than that.

It's my job to trace you, tripping past your heavy footprints,  
knowing they are a ruse,  
to place my eyelashes heavily against your ear  
and whisper into your bourbon.

You are the completely contemporary criminal,

dreaming of past masters.  
 You have to be called,  
 Tony "The Head" Tanzanite --  
 a new jewel,  
 imitating Legs Diamond.  
 You, turned on to some trip in Africa where I also hunt  
 for another prize,  
 an embezzler.  
 Underneath my trench coat,  
 I am nothing but a little ten foot sloop,  
 my sail handmade,  
 shipping me along.

Is it Harry Winston or Mr. Tiffany  
 who is paying me to track you down?  
 Mr. Tanzanite? Banks are your real hangout  
 but one jewel robbery hangs around your neck  
 like stop and go signals.  
 You try to drop the rocks into your bourbon at Max's Kansas City  
 but the waitresses return them,  
 saying, "oh, you've forgotten this,".

You only want  
 to get away,  
 you say,  
 to another country.  
 You want to carry your stolen cash with you  
 and make a real life, but this one you've started has  
 defined you a criminal,  
 and you have to hang out where you're loved  
 for being one. Your cronies at the bar  
 have stakes in making you love your life and reputation.  
 And you are even a little intrigued by me,  
 small,  
 with wrists threaded with iron,  
 following you in my trenchcoat and fast car.

You like  
 the idea  
 of the woman  
 who's the dick,  
 the one with all the strength behind her eyelashes.

You've used yours  
 up/ in those robberies.  
 Your mustaches betray you. And your cold eyes that  
 fall into the glasses,  
 fight with the ice cubes and stolen tanzanite.

Our fascinations  
 have to contradict, of course,  
 our cultural roles. You must kill me -- because I'm the cop

and you're the robber. Whether to preserve your identity  
as thief par excellence or to escape to another  
land.

Another country.

Another life.

I must be destroyed because my role serves me  
as the woman who chases you,  
who would remind you of the past,  
of your weaknesses,  
and who would ask you to change the future.

My heart is not in my role.

It drops between my legs.

It beats in my cunt,  
like sun strokes.

I seduce all these con men,  
these gangsters,  
these robbers and embezzlers, I chase.

My heart is in my work,  
I tell my employers,  
and they buy gas for my Maseratti,  
spend hundreds on my expense account that includes  
Belgian lace, thin silk, and French perfume.

But they dream of me,  
as a good dick, and confuse my role.

They do not notice my heart  
being battered and crushed with each job.

I fall in love with you,  
the man I must pursue.

Your face is wanted.  
And I would not ever have had any success  
if I were not  
willing to fuck the world,  
throw aside every expectation, every role;  
if I were not willing to die  
anytime,  
a hundred machine gun holes lacing me,  
proving my womanly parts.

Contra- "dick"-ting my title.

My final act would be to throw  
all my guns  
in your lap.

But I am a woman  
who has chosen a glamourous role,  
one that puts her on a slippery footing with adventurous men.  
To die would be easier than  
to deny this role.  
I would not have met you,

Mr. Tanzanite,  
had you not been a dreamy thief  
by definition. To lament the end of my life now  
would be to deny  
the inevitable.  
But I do lament it. Being a woman.  
And underneath/  
Still, so very soft.

\*\*\*\*\*

Charles Stein:

Cast  
yellow fires  
or forfeit  
at the dawn rite

Leon Golub:

**STYLES OF RADICAL WILL**, by Susan Sontag,  
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, NYC, 1969.

In the final essay "Trip to Hanoi", Susan Sontag admits to being "largely unable to incorporate into either novels or essays my evolving political convictions and sense of moral dilemma at being a citizen of the American empire". There is perhaps some connection here with the style of Styles of Radical Will. The tone ranges from the calm formal discursiveness of the essays on "silence" or Godard to the rhetorical self-inquiry of "Trip to Hanoi" or the argumentative positions of "The Pornographic Imagination". Nevertheless, the essays on "silence" and Godard set a tone of abstraction not unlike that of cool modernist painting.

These are essays of knowing, knowing thru "silence", thru "pornography", thru Godard, thru politics, in other words thru consciousness of modernist positions. Knowing is a liberation or the sublime consciousness of art. Thus the essays transcend the political and become pure form, the art of knowing as form.

"The Aesthetics of Silence" is a discourse on the forms of art as silence, silence as a formal aspect of art, silence as negation or renunciation, the artist's hostility to art and/or the world, irony, bombast, noise, madness. The author's "voice" is analytic, meditative and urbane and the categories of "silence" are abstract or meta-linguistic bridges to the ideas of art. The "space" of the writing is formal and atomized, information converges, is dissected, shunted off, new phenomena appear, are dismissed, etc.

Such equivalent examination flattens the subject matter. Thus the sections of "The Aesthetics of Silence" become over-representative or abstract. The essay on Godard is similarly atomized until the Godard vista becomes a vast surface of simple monads in unbroken perspective. The "radical will" is schematically fragmented and formalized. It is this flat "clarity" that leaves one unmoved and finally unenlightened.

One misses the tough "political" struggle of ideas, the dirt of the radical will. Against Interpretation, Sontag's first volume of essays was more up against it, nearer the street, the barricades of radical will.

"The Pornographic Imagination" correlates extreme states of mind, "immense spiritual risk" (that of art and life) to extreme states of sexual response and to pornography (as literature) as a similar risk aiming at "psychic dislocation". An OK thesis towards pan-sexualism and the freedom of the body.

A good chunk of the argument, however, is hitched to a pretty creaky apparatus The Story of O. "O" is a tale of subjugation, of total psychical and literal enslavement which went thru the French literary machine (late surrealist gourmandizing) as a big item. (Yet "O" is soap opera diabolism in pot boiler language.) Returning from North Vietnam ("Trip to Hanoi"), Susan Sontag is appalled by the "drunken Polish members of the International Control Commission ....dealing out a deck of pornographic playing cards" and after the plane lands by the "skin flicks" for GIs in Vientiane. But she accepts without dissent Andre Pleyre de Mandiargues' enthusiasm ("A Note on Story of O") for the aristocracy of those stripped of their freedom or Jean Paulhan's preface "Happiness in Slavery", an "apologia for slavery". Her masters torture O, we kill Vietnamese. OK, no connection. But there are sexual imperialisms. O's consciousness, of which so much is made by Sontag and Paulhan, is the face of pleasure (submission) we impute to the victim, that so-called collusion of victim and executioner which is one of the junk theories that justify violence.

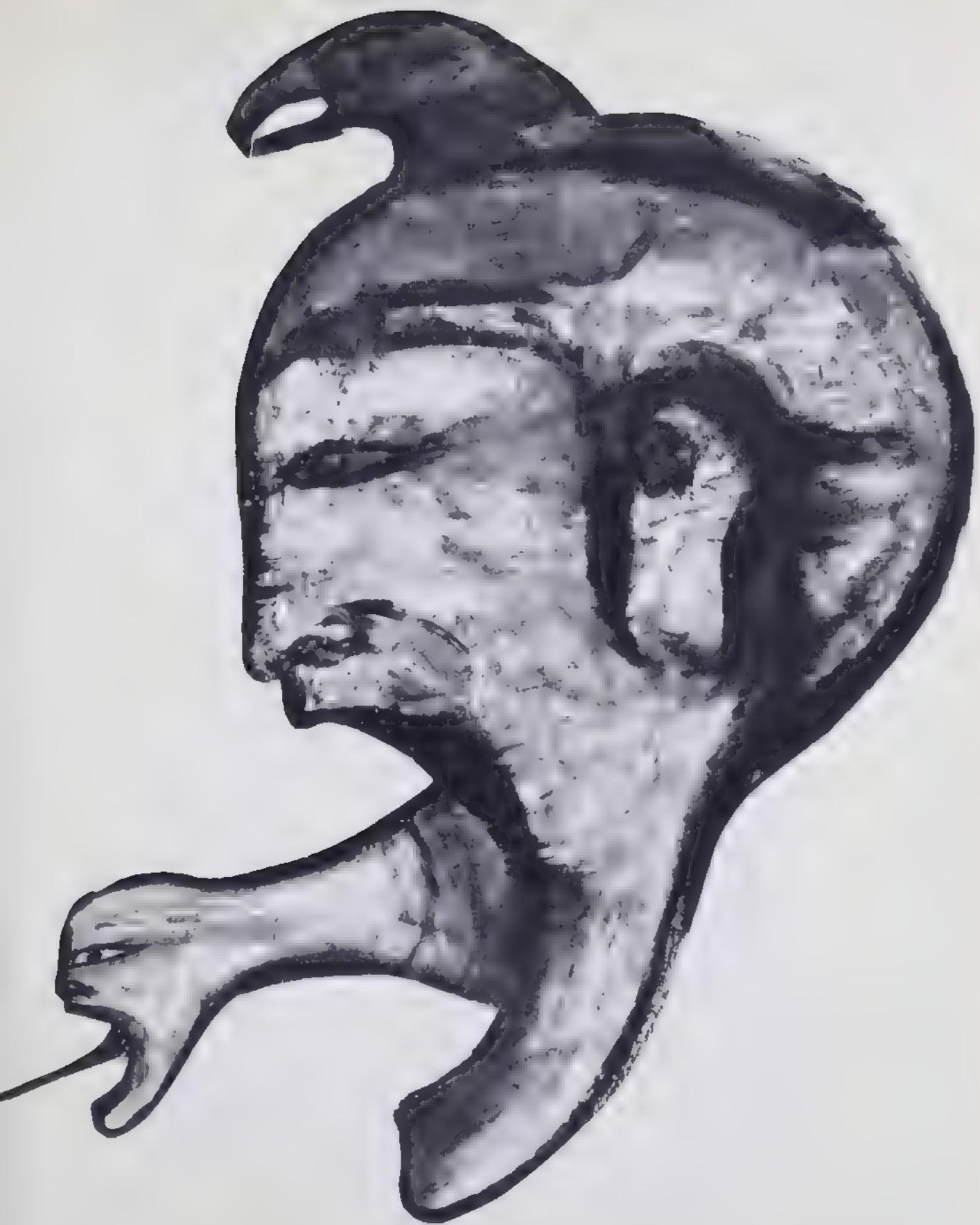
In "Trip to Hanoi" it is willed by Susan Sontag that we be supremely conscious of Sontag in North Vietnam. She uses herself, her consciousness to tell us something (in truth a great deal) of North Vietnam and the North Vietnamese. Vietnam is refracted thru the writer's guilt (ego) intervening in history. The author's consciousness works with precision and force in attempting to state the dilemmas of super "addicted" intellectuals face up with the guilt of being American.

Originally unable to relate her good will to the styles of life and belief in North Vietnam, she finally (period of two weeks) vindicates that style of life and her preoccupation with it to her style of life as an intellectual and perhaps as an American. But like all morality plays, such a dialectic is coercive. Her good will is a wish, also expressed in "The Pornographic Imagination" that existence be made durable in respect to politics, repression, "life". Finally Susan Sontag was reassured at being able to understand and love the North Vietnamese. But should that concern us? What if they had been damned unlovable as many future opponents of American imperialism will most likely be?



Spec 18

Nancy Spero: "Miss Liberty - Eagle - Victim" (gouache) 40" x 25"



Nancy Spero: "Victims Thrown From Helicopter" (gouache) 40" x 25"





Nancy Spero: "Pilot - Eagle - Skull" (gouache) 40" x 25"



Nanay Spero: "Helicopter Blades - Burnt Victims" (gouache) 40" x 25"



Jeanetta Jones:

MYSTERY : TWO

What do you want  
 You have one  
 Why do you ask for what is yours  
 You have one  
 What is your true wish  
 What gift  
 Are you worthy  
 What course will you take to worthiness  
 How will you know when you have arrived  
 How do you know what you know  
 Are you revealed through men  
 Have you met women  
 What is her name  
 Are you this woman  
 What other  
 Whence  
 What is the language of mystery  
 What touch  
 What is your country  
 Who dwells there  
 Who enters  
 Who remains  
 You dwell alone in your country?  
 Woman is alone?  
 Touch is the language of mystery

8 may 69

I want a gift from the gods  
 I recognize it  
 I want a sign  
 I have seen it  
 I want a gift from man  
 Man  
 Not yet  
 The one under my feet  
 I will meet a man  
 I have met men

I am woman  
 One woman  
 Clear light of sun below the horizon  
 I am not her, I am another  
 The one coming  
 Mystery  
 Touch  
 The true skin of my country  
 Cunt  
 All who enter  
 All who desire entrance  
 I remain  
 I am woman  
 Woman is touch  
 Woman is the language of man

8 may 69

1.

by way of the city  
 the hearth  
 goddes of  
 home fire  
 the hot male womb by which a man possesses  
 himself is  
 possessed  
 sends  
 is sent out  
 sons  
 into the city of  
 his skin  
 makes him  
 maker  
 binds  
 his loins to  
 his body

termini  
 extension of cock by which a man cannot be  
 entered  
 termini  
 erect stones  
 termini  
 jealous gods sent by one man to keep other men and oxen  
 out  
 do not trespass  
 by pass

pass over  
 into  
 another man's fire  
 place where he worships himself  
 watches over his womb  
 his woman  
 his son  
 in labor for them  
 he watches worships  
 himself  
 the tool  
 by which he is  
 filled

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2.

son  
 gentle Matthew

dreamer besieged by hungers not his

small boy genitals press into soft flesh of  
 my belly did not make him  
 his weight added to not out of

I take him in to pee  
 he leans over himself  
 his small cock barely clearing the edge of the toilet bowl  
 scowls gently

snowball intersects the deadly thrust of  
 subway  
 STOP STOP  
 Matthew exploding with anguish

his jungle  
 begins with the loins at which his eyes stop

Matthew  
 do you know me  
 name  
 voice  
 hand  
 between the island of

tuesday evening  
 thursday all night

I lie between them

father and son

suns

occupy space male bodies seek

rest from

world from

woman

elbows in my ribs

legs heavy dropped in sleep on my legs

heat

womb aching to surround them

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3.

dark body

breath in the next room

tossing

my father prowls

through the house he built

my mother

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4.

large moon on the wall

medium sized man

in front of shaking my head sopping wet

sop up wine with hair

words with men

"I put him to sleep already" said Ken in a dream

not his

in front of the mirror

side to side / right to left / north to south

dry my wet

cunt

masturbation in the afternoon

tenderly surprise me with my tenderness

for me

shake my head from Berkeley to San Diego

in a dream

standard American voice  
                           in the living room  
 standard American voice  
                           voice  
 walks toward me  
     toward me  
     toward  
     me  
 asleep / vulnerable / not here -- there  
 (not in my bed in no one's bed in no one here  
there  
 enter the bedroom  
 approach the southeast corner of the bed  
 pass the corner proceed along the foot of the bed  
     for hours  
 reach the northeast corner of the bed  
 turn that corner  
 proceed up the north side of the bed  
     to me  
 leans over me  
 standard American  
 sheet of tin foil over my face  
 knee at my cunt  
 shaking my head  
 side to side / right to left / north to south  
 Berkeley to San Diego  
 in front of the mirror  
 moon  
 man who is not here  
  
 standard American nightmare  
 eyes sop up fear we take to bed with us  
 WE ARE THE PEOPLE OF THIS COUNTRY  
 this bed  
is America  
     our nightmare holds us together  
     keeps us apart  
     membrane of fear of entrance  
     into a dominion not complimentary to whatever path  
         lets us walk on it  
 speech by no right but cunt   open  
 clitoris dilated  
 wild eye of my sex straining to fuck me  
 mensch  
 man  
 I took it like a  
 sunrise  
 made unsure by  
 curtains never opened

matching chest of drawers and dresser  
 bedspread rug  
 same tone: blue  
 blue light on our faces  
 wake in a room which is not a hotel  
 but might as well be  
 transients  
 passing in the bathroom

we drink coffee

                  first of morning  
 he tells me he's going back to a woman  
 turned him on in San Diego day before yesterday

an old song  
 sings us

the refrain:

                  my baby  
 got another (sweet sweet) woman

                  her red shoes in his suitcase since  
                   day before yesterday

signature

silver cunt trail across the mirror

                  moon

                  looking in  
                   on me

                  my country    people of  
                   seek power

power to enact entrance

                  man into woman into man

                  power    supplanted by    nightmare

or

will the pill prevent the third world from populating the fourth

                  does it make any difference  
                   nightmare destroys indiscriminately  
                   everybody wants to rape somebody

sometime

                  is susceptible to rape

                  one way or another

                  force will on another

at war with one man

one mirror

one moon

I am at war

the raw flower of

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5.

expression: need to press out  
 silence  
 from words      words  
 from silence  
 whatever/wherever the meat is

skin  
 is touch  
 medium for  
 the vital exchange  
 outward with inward  
 exchange  
 is energy  
 all joy from

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6.

woman is

woman  
 speaks with forked body  
 as man does

a simple relation:  
 one man one woman together for pleasure  
 not so  
 simple

a third member  
 between man's thighs  
 corresponding hole between woman's  
 approximately the shape and size of  
 the third member  
 accessible to it

the logical act: man enters woman  
 explores   invades   moves in  
 and out   up and down   plays her  
 an instrument for his recreation

the park rejoices

they walk together through the grass

she moves up and down  
 closes in on him opens for him  
 spits him out pulls him back in  
 takes him in her mouth up her ass  
 swallows seed shits seed  
 seed spilling on the sheets they roll in

good, beautiful, joyous

then what?

then he turns over thoughtfully scratching his balls and  
 she strokes her belly

territory

she is

his territory

the logical division: tool and ground  
 the right of man to possess the earth he labors in  
 a matter of mercy  
 compassion of powers  
 for man passion with  
 his need

woman is

merciful

looks kindly on the man who wants her  
 wants to be wanted

as man does

in silent conversation with a handful of earth

the logical struggle: supremacy  
 everybody wants a little worship

preferably more

place/person

welcome  
 home

my woman

my man

my house bed earth upon which I stand

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7.

door

woman goes first: courtesy

door

man goes first: revolution

go together

if two magnificent creatures  
can pass simultaneously through  
the same day

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8.

a pride of spade cats

7, 8 years old

sons

suns

flashing on Bay Street  
late afternoon

the line already out

sexy

they turn me on

"Hey, baby, you and me could make something together  
let's get together"

a little kiss

swift boy's ass against my ass

bicycles on Bay Street

housing project

and a 1000 ways to kill time

make time

make big time

count

count bodies

price or

place in the stars

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Cid Corman:

(3 SLOW POEMS)

## THE CLEARING

It was  
to get  
out of it  
somehow  
to break free

and for  
this (not  
to say breath)  
we risked  
wilderness

entered  
summer's  
maze of bugs  
birds burrs  
tiredness

until  
way out  
among pines  
we were  
at a pool

unshod  
undressed  
and felt the  
flesh ease  
into it

happy  
to be  
suspended  
there in  
the sun's hands

woven  
in the

motion of  
the nest  
of these rocks

though the  
gold net  
could not hold  
repose  
of shadows.

### THE WORLD AT SANTO SPIRITO

On the roof  
gods gazing  
over  
olives

almost feel  
poppies  
burst, see  
nothing is

but trembles  
divine,  
more more sea  
down there

where the  
garden halts  
and the sands  
tumble.

Only  
the sun  
to mull things,  
make splendor

wonder air,  
sky spread  
beyond gulls'  
wings gulls'

cry. O  
citadel!  
protecting  
what? All

horizons  
vanish  
in the dark,  
descend

and know  
empty niche,  
naked  
shadow, flesh

breath grow  
small, snail bless  
lintel,  
lizard wall.

### MAKING LOVE

Am I the  
only child  
who has grown  
old in vain?

The others,  
it seems, have  
all somehow  
managed things,

learned to walk  
and talk and  
feel at home  
wherever

they happened  
to be. And  
I have not --  
have no knack

for any  
thing but ob-  
stinacy --  
for hanging

on -- finding  
myself the  
genius of  
a body

whose meaning  
still escapes  
me. Even  
I who say

"I" -- small spark  
of breath called  
Soul by some --  
doubt that and

am surprised,  
of course, when  
this woman,  
my wife, turns

to me -- me  
no less -- at  
night to be  
reassured!

And I -- half-  
smiling -- like  
a fool -- and  
half-crying

-- like one lost --  
know that we  
are what we  
were -- infants --

as death -- our  
death -- reveals  
us more and  
more at birth.

Thomas Meyer

(2 poems)

for winter's an interlude, a largo:  
 the lark's song awakes us --

the imaginary noise in the nest's  
 an alba,      no uhtcearu, &  
 chases sleep's charm into day  
 -light beaks in brakes  
 break open sweet-breads  
 for breakfast in bed.

The room's cold. The cement floor keeps it cold.  
 The bed joins in the heat, the only warmth there.

\*\*\*

43:10

That valley out the window's white now.  
 The snow fall's covered everything in inches,  
 almost a foot, & takes away the creases  
 matter has, the folds, makes it soft.

You write in the faint light reflected  
 from the land the house sits deeper in  
 than before. There's a dog at the door  
 again. & a poem, or where to begin again  
 breaks into my thoughts -- you at the table,

with pencil & paper.

Slower here. The drifts, & thoughts, the sounds  
 like sources. It drips -- the water around us.

The black pot filled with pink flowers.  
I wait

as if someone will come forth  
with words on my lips. I wait & hear  
something outside,

love in all this  
as if through some simple magic  
the spell will increase the night

& lay us down to sleep  
in a process, at least

the effort to find a rhythm --  
that is evening:

the day ends,  
the work goes on, the love changes.

Brighter here. Only a beginning.  
The tempo increases.

To be  
with it, right there, in that heat.  
The talk about  
can at times, I think, almost make it,

take it like a ball thrown fast beyond  
the field & make a bird

out of it.

Who is it who comes,

Years from now you'll know.

Love like gold,

a pace that stands when iron rusts.

### Only trysts & flowers

midsummer bracelets

**fade** An image lasts; memory makes sure of it.

I feel you above me  
at the table. you write. I walk in the door,

the pink flowers in the pot fill me.  
It's years from now. The water carried

today & all those intentions away.  
Where in my dreams  
have I found a place for this.

The gray sky & blue snow.

There was no place to go today, only the day itself  
to go in. A pace that comes from hands

with pencil & paper. Yet I thought:  
someone's come,

I saw him from  
the corners of my eye in  
the corners of the room.

That's it -- to know & not wait, to force  
the arrival & anticipate the snow.

To open my mouth  
& want the words to come:  
a message when the movement's  
enough.

Music sounds when my back's to the door.  
Song begins as I turn back to the room,

a deor  
moves in the arrangements: moves  
you at the table  
me at my poem -- those attempts.

Kenneth Irby:

SEAWEED, by Armand Schwerner, The Black  
Sparrow Press, Los Angeles, 1969. \$4.00

I think the two poems about Boehme ("For Boehme" and part 14 of "The Violence Around Us") are the finest in the book, and the central poems for the person, the body and all, of the man who wrote this collection. That is, the sudden juxtaposition of Boehme and the rest of the book, reveal other distances -- and him (Schwerner) self, who is not always very clearly present, as in "The Violence Around Us" till J.B. comes at the end. Boehme? Really? Wow. Very much. "It is thus, as if a hidden fire lay in the will, and the will continually uplifting itself towards the fire wished to awaken and kindle it." There is a point at which our "wit" and invention do not prevail against the vacuity. That is the crisis of this book, at which point Boehme stands, announcing entrance.

And we would urge all children, who are thus growing in this tree, friendly to ponder that each branch and twig helps to shelter the other from the storm, and we commend ourselves unto their love and growth.

Clayton Eshleman:

AN OPEN LETTER TO GEORGE STANLEY, CONCERNING THE STATE OF OUR NATION, THE AMERICAN SPIRITUAL BODY, WHICH I FIRST GLIMPSED IN PERU.

dear George,

One of the reasons I am writing you now is because I hardly know you or your work. Another reason is because you are out on the west coast and I am not sure where that is, or have less sense, say, of you, and of none of the others you mention in your letter to me, poet friends of yours in the bay area, than I do of poets in the New York area; I mean, the we is divided, and thus I implicate you, feeling par to your work, in hopes that the evil I speak of in this letter is at cause of why, partially at least, the above is true. I believe we are all responsible victims of a conspiracy that we have watched, for a short time in our own eyes, and for longer, in the eyes of our elders, and since I think a lot of us have now got this spectre in our consciousnesses someone should speak out, for something has happened, recently, that can enable us to have things much more the way we want them, for ourselves as poets / men and women / heads, those in the position of responsible power in this particular nation.

The immediate kick-off to this is a phone conversation I had last week with Diane Wakoski. She has been staying with Betty Kray, who runs the readings at the Guggenheim Museum in NYC, and since Diane has been depressed lately I thought, in the conversation, that Betty Kray might help her out next year, promote her, get her readings etc. I asked Diane about this and she told me Betty had already asked her to read at the Guggenheim next year and that the two of them had had a hard time finding, or choosing, someone to read with Diane since Diane did not want to read alone, I mean in terms of the Guggenheim she did, had been made to feel, not that important and would not solo (like Lowell say, or James Wright). So in this choosing she told me she had suggested me or Jerry Rothenberg, and that Betty had told her we "were not ready". I kind of jumped at that, and asked her what did that mean? sort of knowing it did mean the following: that she and Betty decided that Diane should read with Marvin Bell who would have a book out this fall via Atheneum. Diane said: "I suggested Marvin, and Betty thought that was a marvelous idea -- Marvin is having a book published by Atheneum this fall."

At that point I flipped back to an incident of about 6 months ago. I was going to be in the Michigan area having drammed up a few readings at Northwestern, Notre Dame and Indiana University. I asked Richard Grossinger up there if he could arrange something at Ann Arbor. Grossinger is a student, and called Donald Hall who is on the faculty (I guess) and asked if there was money for Eshleman to read who was going to be in the

area. Hall then told Grossinger that I had not published a book yet, which Grossinger took to mean I had not published a book with a well-known publisher; Richard said, "but Grove Press just published this past summer Eshleman's volume of Vallejo translations" (in hardback, no less!). He was then told by Hall, that Grove did not really count, and that as far as Hall was concerned I had not published a book.

Earlier last year (I shd say here that no money was put up at Ann Arbor and that while I did read there --for \$50-- the money was paid by a student group), I had been asked, indirectly, for a manuscript at Harper & Row. I gave them one and was informed that Donald Hall was the reader. The mss., was held for about six months, and returned. After the rejection I met Hall at the poet conference at Stony Brook: we met, and a few seconds later Hall told me how much he liked my poetry.

I would like to put the emphasis here less on sour-grapes than the fact that I am sure that these things have been happening to many of us for years.

What I am talking about is a CYCLE. It runs something like this: before a poet can be given certain inalienable rights, like a reading which will be advertised and take place in circumstances favorable to audience, he has to have certain "credentials" ("We can not travel without a passport!" the Living Theater screams), the passport in this case being a hardcover book by one of a certain group of upper Manhattan publishers. The decision is made regarding the reading by someone who is basically influenced by other so-published poets; that is, the person making the decision is NOT a poet, generally a person who hobnobs with poets, Kray being probably one of the best of a lot, sensitive even, contactable, compared with Galen Williams at the Y, but I name Betty Kray here because she is, as all of what I refer to, part of a structure rotten at base THAT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH POETRY. (OR, that has EVERYTHING to DO with poetry, but NOTHING at stake in the spirit BY WHICH and FOR WHICH WE LIVE). Further, the moves you and I might conceivably make to further our careers, to bring ourselves to public light is at base controled by people who know only those who have read at the Guggenheim or Y! For the upper Manhattan editor, if one has not read or received a "name" grant, the chances of a mss., being taken are incredibly slight (there are of course exceptions made for a "house nigger", or a "pop poet" or a Puerto Rican etc., but these are outside the ken I speak of, they are a kind of froth everpresent in the literary world, the freak, wch an editor who knows nothing of poetry can grab onto and superficially justify publishing).

The results of this cycle, calculated to be unbeatable, calculated to not look at the books a poet HAS published, meaning: books are not read but presses, publishers are, is that at 50 or 70, Robert Lowell will "discover" William Carlos Williams and "introduce" him in The Hudson Review, or that by sheer persistence like Diane Wakoski has put out over this year, writing 1000 letters to universities for readings, slowly she becomes known and, having expended 10 times the energy she shd have on that, begins to get a trickle of POWER (wch is also what this is about -- but that for later).

I am assuming here that Black

Power, the oratory and fury of the past few years, teaches us an important lesson: that it is not they, the Blacks, is "what is happening" (as it seemed in that Stony Brook Manifesto), but that we are, and can learn from them. They are not unreal, they are very real, but too we are, as poets, not just as artists, but as poets, living in occupied territory and ruled, that our flowers leak out, to each other and slight spill over of students/critics/friends but the whole business has for traditions been established and we are repeating a ROUND that other minorities are ceasing to respect. We respect the pigs long as we allow ourselves to be dictated to by them, and most of us will, unless we do something before unheard of, pay silent homage to people who have nothing at stake either in art or in poetry (or in life) until we are safe enough (feathered sharks), trusted to not misbehave, until the Work itself offers loopholes thru wch we may be admired, wch is of NO USE TO US, we will wait and allow the hostility accumulated in this waiting to self-infect us either to silence or to attack those we love, other poets, to run, I am saying, rats in maze, hitting this artist, that artist, that artist, not speaking to this poet or putting him down, refusing to review R, not meeting L but currying Y, until we come to the point at wch the man goes it alone, and there is that point, I mean at a certain point one retires into the syntax one has made some meaning of, concerned but no longer involved with, vitally, the dying world, the world Pound now lives in, that Williams never meshed with but was rooted like a truffle along to, and the whole meat of what everyone of us are, as Robert Kelly very directly put it to me, THOSE WHO MAKE THE SUN RISE, watch the landscape of our never realized power on a social scale, and of course the 19th century image of the poet is still apt tho faded, black suit, in corner, attentive to metaphor, outsider to a deeply wished for world.

I am saying here it is time you and I not only recognized but acted on the fact that the enemy is not poets nor magazines edited by poets, but the pasteboard powers that DETERMINE THE FATE OF POETS, and that we should recognize ourselves as a spiritual circuit and move as a body to abolish these powers determining what we are called, named, the who's who ALL OF US toady to, consciously, unconsciously, and stop once and for all accepting dribble-favors, the little prizes of silence and award (same thing) we get for staying in our place.

I don't know what you want, but among other things --love, my work, my family-- I WANT MY POWER TO BE REALIZED. I want power, and I suspect, George, any artist who says he doesn't want power. For what we ARE doing is in essence SO POWERFUL that we may believe love tends towards its natural object, wch is not this Xristo-Capitalistic world of spells and media, certainly at least to see the realization of what the fuck we are living for daily to be, vision, made real, in the lives, of those we love, consider "our people", people at best, an America, in a kind of localized sense, from, thru, Canada to Tierra del Fuego. That, tho, is political boundary and perhaps it would be more accurate to say The Earth is the Black-  
ean promised land of vision. The poet is a visionary. The poet is a man / woman who HAS A VISION.

Now I say I WANT POWER; that is not saying I lack power, that IS saying I have power, my understanding, my love, and want

this power realized as HUMAN ACT, and that you and I are sitting at the poles, me just coming on your work a month ago and sensing thru what Gilbert Sorrentino tells me, that west coast poets deeply suspect east coast poets, who are both suspect to the poets in between, and cut the correspondence/affinity, to the extent books are not seen here (I have not seen one copy of PACIFIC NATION east of San Francisco, nor can I get Blaser in Vancouver to answer a letter about unpublished Spicer material), and that we are like in the Andes and on the coast. I mean, a mountain culture and a coastal one, no communication in between, while at the same time I sense a friendliness between all of us, I felt very much present when I was reading in San Francisco a few months ago, and that on a smaller more local basis is present in New York City and probably present in San Francisco too.

At the root of this dispersion is the attitude, the CYCLE I spoke of before. Not that it is originally created there but we allow our own unsureness and guilt (for just being a poet) to timidly persist in the face of a continuing power-structure that is handed down from epoch to epoch. The editors at Harper & Row sent my mss., to Hall because they don't know what the fuck to do with it; that's all. And Hall, who I am making the black lamb in this case, doesn't either; he too is acting on orders, has not a single original idea in his head and will persist to keep the watermark a fraction below what he is capable of writing.

I refuse to any longer be involved with any issue that is not in present time. I refuse to deal with anything that is not central to my mankind life, to curry the favor of any life-insurance promulgated to essentially someone else's afterlife. The issue is, as its always been, the life you George Stanley are up to, the spiritual ORDERS of day, the raising of the life-sun; this is our circuit and we might well demand of ourselves that the history of poetry is at large the history of man and demand no more than the Blacks are, that history start being recorded and made to be read. The obverse is eternally mumbling Frost over the glacier of the Kennedy pulpit, Black Elk finally letting the secrets, seeing he is dying, out. I am dying and I am living, in spite of everything I still exist with all the power of my own regeneration and growth; this I want invested in the life of the nation and how then can we talk TO Nixon! ?

For, and this is a razorblade, I think we ought to figure a way TO talk to Nixon. Forget "him" -- we ought to assume we, with visions, go to the chief and make our visions heard and that there is a power-that-moves-Nixon that WILL hear. That is the apex and most confused part of my ideas here.

Now we must use CATERPILLAR, STONY BROOK, IO, PACIFIC NATION, any magazine edited by poets to get us in touch and begin to form ourselves to our touch, knowing that no one's poetry suffers for religion, binding-in, consolidation. These are rough notes -- a co-op? national at least, or to begin, poets who will form their own reading circuit, that is, a network of reading possibilities.

The point is not that you and I want the Guggenheim or the Y, but that we want a poet's theater and beyond that, a community, reason to be heard beyond our confessed selves. Such will never hap-

pen unless we decide its happening.

(I had a vision in Peru of one central

place, a ritual center of sorts, as Palenque was a ritual center for the Mayans, that would be a theater, hostel, bookstore, printing-factory, which would be organized by poets and serve them, where they could meet, stay and hear each other, a center where any individual or university could get in contact with, say at least the address and phone-number, of any poet in the country)

In Peru in

1965, translating César Vallejo's "Human Poems" I first glimpsed the great white wall of North America and saw the intentional binding needed, the gathering (as opposed to exclusion) needed to create relation that could put us to visionary-community, whch is what I feel our function is. To break down the terrible distances. The despair, the suffering by whch we are named, the cri said to be our signature when we are most alive is related to the "bad trip" -- something not inherent in creativity, but rather (as the person on a "trip" may freak out lost in the streets of NYC) the depression that comes from struggling within the dispersion.

My sense of power, or possession, whch I learned thru the making of a poem called T' AI, is a magic, miracle (with the root mira! see!), the power to induce such, the sense that there is no repetition, no, as Victor Coleman put it, alternation necessary. Force implies alternation; creation affirms the way things ARE, not forced to be. We want to exercise not force but our power. To allow our work to perform its possession.

\*\*\*\*\*

Robert Kelly:

MARGARET LEWIS AND MARY GREENLEA

(from THE COMMON SHORE: last section  
of Book VI, The Fountains)

Anne) Fontaine (Epler) Cathcart  
daughter of Colonel Bruce Epler USAF (1908-1944)

(son of the Rev Stephen J Epler,  
of Nebraska, Kansas, Iowa, still living  
minister of the Christian Church

born 1880, Nebraska, of Jakob Epler  
& Mathilde Girardet---half-Bavarian  
half-Norman

himself the son of Isaac  
Epler of Illinois,  
who was, those days, america,  
love the last

& the first, the Lord,  
a friend of Lincoln---

Rev Epler married Claudia 1906.

Col Epler married Amelia Maverick,

of the great  
Texas family of, Samuel A Maverick himself, whence name  
& word, who

married a descendant (my records no clearer)  
of Margt. Lynn of Loch Lynn, wife of John Lewis  
whence the Lewises of Virginia,  
notably General Andrew Lewis & Meriwether Lewis  
whence the whole (thank Jefferson)  
push beyond the Missouri, i. e.  
the West.

\*

The diary of Margaret Lynn Lewis  
as published in San Antonio 1927  
covers the years from 1730 through the Indian Wars.  
Anne Fontaine Epler (Cathcart) born San Antonio, Texas.  
Reared Circleville, Ohio.  
Epler means Appler,  
applegarth set out in the Lord's name,  
apples mean apples.

\*

The American people "as a whole embodies the reactions  
 of Western man to the Uranian forces released creative-  
 ly in Europe since the Renaissance."

Not creation,  
 response.

When the new opens its arms  
 we come to it with the same old questions,  
 tensions,  
 prodded there. Colonies.  
 The Scarlet Woman opens her arms & cries  
But to love me is better than all things.  
better than old things.

\*

Thank Jefferson, but much of it is old,  
 the old names hung on. But the woman  
 her body against the stars, or she was  
 the stars, surely we came here for her  
 sake, Santa Maria, & whoever  
 gimmicked the Kensington stone had  
 that much sense, Ave Maria,

The woman.

\*

Using the blank pages  
 of John Lewis's tenantry book  
 Margaret Lewis, of Loch Lynn,  
 Margaret Lewis writes:  
 On the Lord's day, Clonwan Castle is invaded  
 by John Lewis's enemies; Charles, Lord of Clonwithgairn  
 & his henchmen have come to evict the Lewis.  
 Pitched battle.  
 Charles, Lord of Clonwithgairn is slain.  
 John Lewis flees.  
 The castle burns.  
 Margaret Lewis takes refuge in Dunraven.

One night, a long time after,  
 when the sun was busy setting  
 & Lady Clara played the guitar, "a white kerchief  
 waved against the dusky part of the wood.  
 News from my husband"

He was back from Portugal  
 safe place  
 but now back, not for long, now  
 Margaret & John Lewis, lord of the burnt castle,  
 flee to the "Virginia wilds."  
 Back home, the Lord Finnegal sees to it  
 John Lewis's name is cleared. His Majesty the  
 King sends a full pardon  
 & patents with it, grants of land  
 in the Virginia valley called Eden.

\*

Anne Fontaine  
 appler,  
 Fontaine  
 I wonder what you think of this,  
 that my hands should be on this stuff  
 with my potato irishry  
 sweaty body & Circassian wife,  
 Fontaine you are a beautiful woman  
 & we couldnt handle  
 each other's beauty,  
 there are places  
 in america I can only imagine,  
 real people in circumstance  
 there is no way I can draw near.  
 Passion abolishes place  
 do you know that  
 as love cancels distance or  
 is at least a function of.  
 I have been too busy  
 almost to be.  
 We were both wrong  
 & you were wronger than I  
 but you were wrong  
 in an ancient way  
 that is more beautiful  
 than any way I or any like me could be right.

" vision was in the woods    beside the large pond  
 there are wild woods all around in back on three sides  
 for miles

we were really sitting there    when I had  
 this image                         superimposed your form  
 on to the real                     across the pond    coming down a  
 slope        the dark pines you came alone"

on bark this was, & the faded ink.  
 A setting sun a tomb before breakfast  
 puling its dead a woods  
 where nothing grew but images

a fear,  
 my fear, to be in anyone's mind but with  
 the song I'd put there,  
 song instead,  
 god forgive me,  
 song instead.

Appler,  
 understand me your trees.  
 You told me of a cavern  
 I found it  
 two hundred years before.  
 We will go in.  
 Save me shadow  
 among your flowering trees.

\*

**Log Cabin.** Margaret Lewis is in America.  
 "John Mackey, who has come all this way with us"

"little Charles, our New World baby"

"our cow Snowdrop"  
 "her white feet continually oyed with wild strawberries"

"thirty of our tenantry have clung to us thro evil &  
 thro good report"

"Joe Nasby hath a neat rail to his garden ground

structure on top of his house to entice the wild pigeons"

Oroonoah wont eat clammer.

"Our town of Staunton  
 first town in the Valley"  
 four miles from "our place of Beverly Manor  
 which some call Fort Lewis"

The idea was to plant roses  
 prairie roses around the dooryard  
 so that the house thus beautiful  
 would keep the children home.

"Ungeewahwah & his tribe we find are not friendly to us  
(they captured three of our men yesterday who made them  
drunk & then got away)

Our fort is formed of block houses, stockades; and the  
cabins. The outside walls are 10 to 12 feet high. The  
block-houses are built at the angles of the fort, & pro-  
ject two feet beyond the outer walls of the cabins &  
stockades."

\*

Oroonoah becomes Oroonah. His name means Tiger King.

"Oroonah's son, a lad of 16, has crowned my Alice with  
a wreath of prairie roses. 'Queen of White Doves'  
he calls her & has given her a fawn which has be-  
come domestic now. I did not like to hear Thomas  
say last night (he is older than Omayah) 'Suppose  
Sister Alice should grow up & marry Omayah.'

In 1737, John Lewis is at Williamsburg, the seat  
of government, where he "met with one Burden, but  
lately come over as agent for Ld Fairfax." Burden  
turns out to be even a better hunter than John Mac-  
key. But what happens is this, & it makes Margaret  
Lewis, now of Fort Lewis, angry:

John Lewis's sons catch a Buffalo calf, & give it  
to Burden, who brings it back with him to Williams-  
burg, & presents it (evidently as his own catch) to  
"the most worshipful Governor Gooch, who never hav-  
ing seen so comical a monster in lower Virginia,  
did promptly favor the donor by entering upon his  
official book, full authority to Benjamin Burden  
for locating 500,000 acres of land nigh to the  
James river & Shenandoah waters, this on condition  
he should within 10 years, settle at least 100 fam-  
ilies within the limits."

animal of the west.

Half a million acres for a bull-calf,  
a bison yearling.

\*

What do we do with our fortune  
that makes it good fortune?

How do we learn  
 what to do with our catch,  
 whom to honor with the gift  
 or how to use  
 what we find in the woods?

This is Fortune,  
 The Lewises are the solidity, the old money of America.  
 But there is Benjamin Burden, a trickster, a cunning  
 happenstancer of our original woods & Shenandoah waters.

\*

"The company sat down to it as soon as the wedding ceremony was over... I wished to leave at dinner & take Alice away; I do not like her to join in these vulgar sports, but she begged to stay & her father said, 'Better wait & see the end.'

These new-world  
 manners are making queer innovations among our people.

At  
dark I knew I was wanted here, so Alice agreed to come,  
though Thomas stayed dancing, & John Lewis went back after  
conveying us home."

The young men are awkward at the rites of love  
 but know that there is horseplay, honor  
 to the power inside them  
 that makes them play or hunt or fuck  
 as now at this wedding  
 they lead the bridegroom off  
 & with dark mirthful words  
 bring him to the attic loft.

"...a deputation of young girls stole the bride off & conducted her to her bed up in the loft ... late in the night refreshments of bacon, beef & cabbage & such like things were sent up to them; & along with this, Black Betty, which meaneth a bottle of whiskey."

We see the Fortune  
 hastening to young Alice.  
 The Lewises again  
 will get their chance.  
 What is a chance?  
 What is the American Fortuna  
 her pages relate,  
 spill, open in torchlight,

hide, never resolve?

\*

Meanwhile another distraction, another whisk of the future idly brushing Fort Lewis. Christ, never did people so live in the center of signs & portents, & know less, or seem to know less, of what passed before them, pageant of american meanings, tramp procession of all our possibilities.

Now Polly Mulholland, after working off her indenture, clad herself in man's garb & set up as a landed-proprietor on Burden's grant, & erected thirty cabins. But was found out, & resumed "with some chagrin & much meekness" women's clothes, borrowed from ladies in Fort Lewis, "& will betake herself henceforth to womanly pursuits."

The way  
 Margaret Lewis  
 sees things,  
 the way  
 she understands.  
 It seems as if nothing  
 in the new land  
 has touched her.  
 But something grows,  
 does it,  
 something grows  
 in her as in us,  
 a coming through  
 the dark church of habit  
 into the dazzling  
 presence  
 of an unknown god.

\*

Now Oroonah, Omayah's father, comes to John Lewis to ask for Alice for his son.

John Lewis  
 passes it off as a joke. It is a joke. Has Alice  
 sit down at the spinet & play:

John Lewis: --- "That is all white women are good  
 for; you dont want them! Bah!"

Oroonah: --- "Fingers fast  
 fingers jump quick,  
 get fish."

\*

Now the time runs & the Indians  
are tired showing us what things are for  
& how to do & how to do.

Omayah, aided by his bravos, carries off Alice, his "White Dove."

\*

So we had something to go to war about.  
Her kin chased after, but the Indians  
knowing the woods  
got the White Dove & her tigercuo Lover  
well away.

Oroonah's Indians storm Fort Lewis  
attack twice  
but cannot breach the wall.  
They have no artillery. They retire.  
The field is empty  
but watchers from the Fort  
see an Indian figure  
step out of the woods.  
They fire & it falls.  
But it is not an Indian  
it is Mary Greenlea  
"Greenlea's mad sister. Some deem her mad, that is a witch.  
She rideth all over the country alone & at will."

This

is the woman, this is that  
american woman, the power I detected  
in the fucking air of america, the blond  
woman whose power knew not the limits of society, ran  
wild in the woods & brought us, wild from the woods  
the only information we could use. Can use.

"she rideth all  
over the country alone at will & talks strangely at times.  
Months she has been missing from Burden's Grant. She has  
been a captive she says."

\*

Fontaine,  
the voices here,  
not your voice,  
or the voice  
calls me in the night to love her.  
And I am in love with Mary Greenlea!

Mary of the green  
meadow, Mary of the Mountain.  
In the mines we find a stone  
we who are children of Cain  
his articulate passion.  
My voice asks you to listen to me.

\*

Mary Greenlea says: "she can bring Alice in if I but give her a swift horse."

Her wounds were painful but not severe.

Margaret Lewis gave her the best pony.

And now Margaret Lewis come to a dark  
emoryo in her story, she hardly knows how to speak of it;  
enters it with scorn; no matter, she makes the record:

Mary Greenlea bubbles of a great cave or cavern  
& to listen to that blonde wild woman is to hear  
a "disconnected harangue of silver palace walls, & pearly  
floors. She hath an apartment there, so she tells me,  
where she holus communion with the dead, & their voices  
answer her."

六

Would she have known the dead from the not yet living?  
Was it ourselves Mary Greenlea spoke to in her palace,  
or this voice answering her now?

Fontaine you told me of a cave

I believed in  
because I walked there

early morning, not twenty miles from my house

she walked with me there  
she showed the way.

2

And Mary Greenlea did indeed bring Alice back. But when Alice gets home, all she can talk of is taking refuge with Mary Greenlea, after their escape from the Indians (who trusted Mary Greenlea, & maybe knew more than Margaret Lewis did of whose time had come & whose time had passed, maybe it was for Alice's sake they carried her off).

They hid out "in a great cavern," and Alice tells

of "grand marble palaces under ground, of its interminable galleries, of its statues & its fountains, & withal of stars & moon peering through the roof."

Clearly Margaret Lewis makes mock of all this,  
but after Alice's restoration, Mary Greenlea  
continues friendly with the Indians

"who are beginning to regard her with a sort of superstition."

But Margaret Lewis, pained by a desire she has never spoken, fearing the truth & coming near it, still must mock:

"It must be a weird edifice truly & one worthy the keeper who feedeth herself on dried haws, chinquapins &c."

\*

At the end of her life  
Margaret Lewis takes up her book again  
& knows that death is near  
because she opened the book  
when she only meant to put on her glasses.

She tells of her children,  
Charles, her blue-eyed new-world child  
dead at the battle of Point Pleasant,  
nearsighted Thomas orating in the Burgesses.  
Omayah is dead, died "Christianized at last"  
(the adjective a mockery at last, at last?)  
& died wildly craving  
the wings of his White Dove  
to bear him to heaven.

At the very end she speaks  
of her man, John Lewis, dead before her  
& cries out to him  
in the name of the God  
born inside her in the long american years :

"Only a little longer, John Lewis,  
& the Lord of the Mountain will open to us,  
& we enter his doors together."

Nothing is said of it, but she had found the cavern.

John Enright:

(3 poems)

in the search of a relevant order:  
 not as the chain or the thread;

there is more to the movement  
 the river makes  
 than its course, than what I can see.  
 Or I could say  
 no one will see the falcon's back,  
 only the sun.  
 We are given its belly;  
 although we all learn from the kestrel  
 a trace of the gyre.

There is more to the movement the river takes:  
 the horses hard by the river  
 exhaled by the scrub pines  
 near where the river enters the sound,  
 When one side has burned  
 the rest will roll to the fire  
 out of its weight.

Or I should say  
 the horse is the metaphor  
 near where the river enters the sound;  
 that the greys, bays and geldings are words  
 here, where the river enters the sound,  
 & are least without being said  
 or with some other poet upon them.

A riddle: what is it a house cannot contain.  
 & she answered, the beams  
 from which it is made.  
 And I did say yes, it is most assuredly  
 metaphor, the riderless horses riding the earth.

any heightened awareness  
is named an awareness of God

---

They hung the snakes in a sun-colored sack  
from the sky

They put all the cats on the ocean floor

You were placed  
in a chariot

flying between them

all the grey doves of the night gone before you

This is the lotus ship  
stream in the sky

This is the tree  
the stream splits

We cannot survive without this destruction

-- unbuttoning her blouse --

We cannot survive

-- She is beaten

with cypress and alderwood switches

They have left us black milk  
gambling for stars

\* \* \* \* \*

How long can  
you keep us away  
with those furious gestures

We have not guessed  
your name

We do not supplant night with this passion  
placing your hand in the sky  
or the sea

### Lesson 3: Middle Distances

---

this business as journeyman,  
 this strange, one by one business as journey-  
     man, always in motion,  
     shifting the weight from side to side:

this constant entrance and exit.

The one continual entrance;

                the exits  
 are varied: are prompt, are ensured  
 or are stretched on beyond recognition

-- a sword taking forever to enter the sheath --

are stretched on beyond recognition, till they seem  
 to take seasons.

Take seasons,

shifting your weight from side to side.

Prince Elphin freed from his chains by one incantation, one wind  
 from the mantle of Merddin, one magic phrase. Magic words  
 are never passed on, are  
     never in print.

The necessity being to learn certain phrases by rote,  
 by this motion, testing the words

one by one;

the skill must be there when you need it.

The skill must be

there. Arriving at night in late autumn,  
     not wishing to wake her.

The skill of an entrance, coming from nowhere  
 at once.

So I slept in the back,  
 beyond the barn in a room where  
 she drew before I was born, the Studio,

pulling old blankets around me,  
glad to be home.  
& in the morning got up  
and went into the kitchen for breakfast,  
making her glad.

The hardest part of this business, the constant seclusion,  
the years spent like Elphin, the seasons  
alone in his dungeon,  
shifting the weight from day to day;

till the bard posed a riddle that none could solve:

Without vein, without blood,  
Without head, without feet,  
In field, in forest,  
Without hand, without foot.  
It is also as wide  
As the surface of the earth,  
And it was not born,  
Nor was it seen...



Cid Corman:

### MAXIMUS CONTINUING

Maximus Poems IV, V, VI; Charles Olson,  
Cape Goliard / Grossman; 1968. \$3.95

To resume:

"...the bow-sprit, the beak  
in, the bend is, in, goes in, the form  
that which you make, what holds, which is  
the law of object..."

call it a nest, around the head of, call it  
the next second

...which you  
can do!"

"...:people

don't change...only stand more  
revealed

...know

it is elements men stand in the midst of...

...know polis

not as localism...

root city..."

"the first human eyes to look again  
at the start of human motion (just last week  
300,000,000 years ago..."

'''the people' (?) - as though there were  
anything/the equal of/  
the context of/now!"

"...no hierarchies, no infinite, no such many  
 as mass, there are only  
 eyes in all heads,  
 to be looked out of"

"...so many, children,  
 who want to go back, who want to lie down  
 in Tiamat..."

"where my own house has been (where  
 I am  
 founded..."

"That a man's life  
 ...  
 is what there is  
 that tradition is..."

### Historie

come bang into the midst of  
 our game!"

(the details set down  
 keeping the edge of  
 things acute/rough)

"...any of us  
 the center of a circle  
 our fingers  
 and our toes describe"

(Leonardo/Dürer)

renaissance

ON FIRST LOOKING OUT THROUGH JUAN DE LA COSA'S EYES

Passage to India: cod God fish

"a Mud Bank"

"As dreams are, when the day  
 encompasses"

"that we are only  
 as we find out we are"

"that all start up  
to the eye and soul  
as though it had never  
happened before"

"it better be, or  
what's all this  
for"

"Out,  
is the cry of a coat of wonder"

"When a man's coffin is the sea  
the whole of creation shall come to his funeral"

Gondwanaland

coming back together  
humpty dumpty

a moon's eyeview to prove it  
anew

"...all things through all things,  
...issues from the one" (Hesiod)

from Dogtown (Maximus):

a point of view we are stuck with:  
counting  
towards  
meaning:  
a sense of what we are doing  
of what is going on  
where we are, or  
have been

the apparition comes again

Dogtown story/Merry's  
marriage to myth  
America/stars

already  
busting out all over

hammering that rock

Olson: a sea of granite

desire

Who rages at the sell-out of his country  
to account for it  
for what it might have been, what was, what  
may yet be

myth/god/miraculous

fact/act/being

death: Merry's/his

"Then only...  
did the earth  
let her robe  
uncover and her part  
take him in"

Information/siren song

to make it all cohere  
coherent as it is

family

(sport: no evolution

neither turning back nor  
advancing

uroboros/ouranos

dividing light and darkness god

He says

BLACK "all the heavens,  
a few miles up"

KNOWS better

earth only  
stardistant  
in it

MAN/medusa/flower

light=carbon

de-composition

Duncan romping wordwise  
opening up that "field"

the first nine  
to take it

the first scene

Going back always  
to now

"to the geography of it"

one of infinite centers

Fort Square

any man

Ol' son

"skin

plus this...

Polis

is this"

Policing a beach/out of SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN  
to be so gulled

(walking a winter day with me over rocks  
and back to house

quoting that

against his and my eyes

Or what words come to

between book ends

Evangel/even angel  
wont do

Or it did

as we see/must

No race

and no trophies

earth  
born to  
to be borne to  
to bear

and all that sky  
cannot excuse heaven  
as back parlor  
the fast shuffle  
immortal coil

(the cat's deep growl  
more than points  
to speech

my front garden  
comes up to my sill  
weeds

like any flowers  
for and against  
the light

to draw from  
nearer to

"The facts in the case are as described":

a likely story

like any myth

a likely story told often enough

inheres

"down below"

uroboros/your motherfather

"was the spirit of the mountain"

not any -ism/as soon as it becomes  
that organ

listen to the vast inane

MAN

the  
economy

no way to get around  
as the sky does  
earth

household (Gary picks from between teeth)

Of course it all works  
if it is worked at

the strings  
move/connecting

ideas

whose puppets  
we play

divine man

figure him  
out

"until the beast rises from the sea"

Proteus/Aphrodite

uroboros

## THE ORIGINS &amp; HISTORY OF CONSCIOUSNESS

**coscienza/the new sigh-ends**

"or Phryne (who's afraid of  
walk into  
the water"

Godtown USA: Ol' son stand Fortsquare

"a mother is a hard thing to get away from"

if that is what dying is supposed to be  
born of

OF

but hard to get through to

to see/not stopping to

to breathe  
all the way out

the loss of/absence of  
'bur love is for ourselves alone

I walk you paths of lives I'd share with  
you simply to make evident the world  
is an eternal event and this epoch solely  
the decline of fishes..."

no more "eternal"  
than "infinite" (who has eyes, he said  
beyond our circumscription  
and our inscriptions  
read:

MAN  
(no trespassing)  
TO COME  
A

all dredged up/filleted  
and laid on the table

facts/cooked

steeped in fire

Mnemosyne

(counting from nine  
down - or is it from  
zero:

the numbers racket

greed/facts

"I'd like you to tell me what difference  
you feel between man and statue, marble and  
flesh."

"Not much. We make marble with our flesh,  
and flesh with our marble."

"But one is not the other."

"As living force is not dead force."

Time. The degree of.

The place of  
energy in

Where you break  
into

continuing

In ancient days  
existed  
nothing...

Ginnungagap

genug

satisfied?

No more than words are  
with themselves

"the head of something"

"the arms  
of Half Moon Beach  
the legs  
of the Cut"

Mammy!

Do we need to date it? As fresh as  
the first man  
dead

coscienza/co-scienza

His map

rounder and more  
wrinkled

whiter and  
more parched

mapunmaker of God' stown

fixed

on these pages

turning

away

It is not easy/nor simple  
not to see

feeling

and the facts  
curtains up  
reveal  
a certain  
play

of the mind there is no end

MAN

a way

out?

terms are  
contra-  
dictions

"mocking bird"

"...she  
felt she was her mother meaning my  
body was hers..."

uroboros

THE BEGINNINGS (Lord!  
capital gains  
a (THE) tradition

"...hauled  
hair via hair rope  
the statue into  
place"

"Come into this world":

past part/imperative

a reading

a yawning gulf

a well called Hvergelmir

"its accent is its own mirage"

"the Perfect Child"

MAN

we know what to look for

lightyears

beyond a planting of the windless flag  
MayJulypole  
Tranquility

"the original unit  
survives in...  
salt"

empty pages  
uroboros

coming out of it  
going into

"value received  
I herein testify"

(you too can see/listen)

the dream  
(Whitehead)  
universe

as what is found out  
within

the  
economy

uroboros

poeticks?

the making out the  
discerning  
seeing is  
beyond us  
transparent

self-effacing

distributing

as breath does

the air of  
the air of

"the Lady of Good Voyage"

"in the shape of a heart  
... likewise new"

"menhirs"

Stone hinge

"my memory is  
the history of time"

I mean  
we know what went on

us

you and me

"...a mappemunde"  
(out of periplus)  
"...to include my being"  
(wo den)

Peloria (dogdamned)

"public figure better be  
what had he better be?"

public

A giant: the first living creature

distinct and moral -- as he says

"...open an opening  
big enough for himself"

(maximus)

"...from Ma

who is always there"

connecting the postman's truck  
"at the corner of Rocky Neck Avenue

"north north west to Judas waters  
home to the shore"

"tesserae"  
explicit

concerned with that literateness

connects "before"  
with "after"  
where we are

the other  
another  
now

an underworld (gang)  
ferried via so much bull  
(imagine

this

"town

placed as an island  
close to the shore"

A reader of Chronicles  
making time ring  
wringing time's make

the clock  
makes  
believe  
(to quote a one)

Sumatra/Java/South Pacific

X

yinyang  
livingdying

why should we say/think  
the dream ends  
here

it is the well the water the egg  
Okeanos

air:protein

the light house

"... reed-houses  
on flooded marshes?"

## (Speculations)

## images for imagists

There is no gist  
no matter the  
trice me gist us

LZ sees through  
and brings back  
into (a trice) quick

"I want that sense here, of this fellow  
going home"

fear that runs to history  
the documents  
the signs of

life

It is begged conundrumed  
made into  
sense

(no money in it  
to be sure

an accounting

public figure

called for

you

What do the gods mean

Who can we ask  
but our selves

"killed themselves  
against the lights between"

too late  
soon enough

"beta' d" ?

baited

Olson

blanks (Ez the heathen Chinee)  
for the unknown  
time

uroboros  
"entwined  
throughout  
the system"

gradually  
the dream peers out

"the diadem of the Dog  
which is morning  
rattles again"

tincans  
the sound of  
marriage

of a city  
a shore

foot and back

"the light hangs  
from the wheel of heaven"

MAN

"the illusory  
is real enough"

And the "real"  
illusory enough?

"the suffering  
is not suffered

the foreknowledge  
is absolute"

CO-SCIENZA

livingdying

"imagine the odor  
which is true  
at low-tide...  
if you live..."

Asgard (shima) Midgard  
to protect the world  
from the world:

conclave/poetry

heaven (word)

transparent brilliancy

Mannus

McManus

MAN

US

OF

"Cunt Circle"

"the sea added"

a way to come in by  
and be lost in the coming in by

a package: renaissance

chickenegg dumbcluck

OK

Have it your way  
Be here

Charles Olson (that's a quote)  
I believe  
you

Can you  
believe  
that (this

Hansel & Gretel again  
 "and into the oven with her"

a history (ie?)

"published...  
 to make sure that what was known was  
 passed on to posterity..."

Vedic

the sounding of the sounds  
 enough

love never remembers  
 never forgets

"of land I am shod in,  
 my father's shoes"

the very next thing  
 after the rime dripped down  
 there solidified from it  
 the cow Authumla (Nurse)  
 from those teats spurted  
 four rivers of milk:

she fed Ymir.

Saint Sophia  
 herself our  
 Prayer  
 Our  
 Lady of  
 Good (bon) Voyage

a little of this a  
 little of that it  
 circulates

uroboros

AGAIN:

"he who walks with his house on  
 ...walks  
 with his house on his head"

"...fucked

by the Mountain

...how it was she was  
so happy"

The Carmelite Lady Santayana recalled  
who asked Are you happy? replied No--  
but I am content.

"...the Virgin  
held up  
on the Bull's horns"

the lifting of siege of Orleans

The Duke of Alençon himself:

"...all in the straw together, and sometimes I  
saw Joan prepare for the night (tu-whit tu-whoo)  
and sometimes I looked at her breasts which  
were beautiful, and yet I never had carnal  
desire for her..."

The Puzzel. Not so: the  
Duke. Raised/liberated--only to be burnt at  
the stake, thereby hangs.

"to enter into their bodies"

What else is  
fable is  
life?

The name  
we put to  
it:

"Homo Anthropos"

"The Cow  
of Dogtown"

the NEED to put it  
in a sort of tough  
vernacular:

maximus

in the face of

MAN

Dogtown Yucatan  
Ptah!

The airs (Nut)  
of earth

he allows  
Her

Paterkiller familiar ass  
coming attractions:

**ORPHEUS**

Creeley's PIECES?

And this is where we've come to?

"at the boundary of the mighty world"?

no  
contract

promise

quid pro quo (OK)

touring the world  
tilling a small field  
to its limits

And  
beyond?

"It is Hell's mouth  
where Dogtown ends

...  
and it -- this paved hole in the earth  
is the end (boundary  
Disappear."

Another act  
"a century or so before 2000  
BC"

"the Stream, Tartarós  
is beyond  
the gods beyond hunger outside"

Okeanos  
uroboros

X

no longer  
straws  
in the wind

bound

at center

a stool  
a drum  
a tent  
Heaven & Earth

bound  
Prometheus

center

burn

MAN

house  
(OM)

The way up  
The way down

strugglerepose

livingdying

inyo

meyou

Olson  
Corman

a bond

"away from all the gods" (gauds)

"The life-giving earth"

The life giving earth

under

and over

"read your shadow slanted upward by your side, the tales  
the tales to tell in the continuous speech..."

"the house I live in...

the door"

all that a woman can say

she does

"her Hill and place"

"the shape of light

the lay,

of flowers"

reticule

ridiculous

the wrinkles

at the eyes

the face

articulate

egg

"the Head of the Maiden"

must one go back to

word

or

dragonseed

"dragon knows dragon"

word knows word

no promise

a present (a present indeed  
intrudes

precludes

and so the future  
haunts

"it is the question of value  
which opens again"

Is "value" a question?

or one of the facts (acts  
like love (he sd

to be dealt with

"...wrong" ?

stupid

inescapably  
so

**MAN**

"The total price" ?

**Verdict**

**Judgement**

on top of death  
death

fucked by a Mountain

Virgin

My father  
who had called this very maximus  
"Professor"  
and he balked

until the old man said  
in answer

"Because you look like one"

Seeing is

what Olson isn't

but facts/by all means facts

as against

"Between heaven and earth"

one  
snow  
mountain

unique  
insistence

life's  
necessitating  
life

redundance

"I set out now  
( entering white )  
( the night of it )  
in a box upon the sea"

But that he tries  
to all that  
small height  
Maximus  
claims

cares

and wants  
care

Utano  
6 Sept 69

Jerome Rothenberg:

PORTRAIT OF A JEW OLD COUNTRY STYLE

visitor to warsaw

old man with open fly  
flesh girls could suck  
mothers would die to catch sight of  
sometimes would pass your door  
his song was  
a generation is a day, time floweth  
coldly he blew his nose  
reached a hand around his high round waist  
money was pinned to caftan  
aches & pains  
a jew's a jew he says  
love brings him to the words he needs  
but sadly

no

I cannot stay  
for breakfast loving  
the taste of duck eggs loving  
little rolls & butter  
loving cereals in metal pans

he tells them

all we touch is love  
& feeds us

this is a portrait of a jew old country style

the gentile will fail to understand  
the jew come on better days will run from it  
how real

the grandfathers become  
my grandfather the baker son of bakers  
YOSEL DOVID ben SHMIEL  
who was a hasid at the court in Rizhyn  
came to U. S. A. circa 1913  
but found the country godless  
tho he worked in leather  
shoes were the craft all our friends  
got into first  
e.g., his brother-in-law we called  
THE UNCLE  
I remember in a basement shop

somewhere "downtown"  
 bent over shoes he stitched  
 how many years would pass  
 till nineteen-fifty maybe  
 when I saw him last  
 his lungs gone in east bronx tenement  
 he slept behind a curtain  
 seeing me he thought  
 I was my brother old & crazy  
 he was the oldest jew I knew  
 my grandfather had died  
 in nineteen-twenty  
 on the night my parents  
 ran to warsaw  
 to get married my father  
 left for U. S. A. the next day  
 no one told him of his father's death  
 he would never be a talmudist  
 would go from shoes  
 to insurance  
 from insurance back to shoes  
 later an entrepreneur & bust  
 he was always clean  
 shaven my grandmother  
 the religious one I mean  
 saw the first beard  
 I'd ever grown got angry  
 "jews dont wear beards"  
 (she said) no  
 not in golden U. S. A.  
 the old man had fled from  
 to his Polish death

for which reason I deny autobiography  
 or that the life or a man  
 matters more or less

"We are all one man"  
 Cezanne said

I count the failures of these jews  
 as proof of their election  
 they are divine because they all die  
screaming  
like the first  
 universal jew  
 the gentiles  
 will tell you had some special deal

Robert Hogg:

ARIES IN PISCES DREAM

It is 3 a.m. again  
it is always 3 a.m.  
somewhere in the shadow of  
the sun

and once a day it hits you  
if you happen to be awake  
at the right place

women are not much different  
they are always there  
whether you are or not

Love is a matter of  
position or  
coordinates

here  
and there

(Y & X he called it  
knowing the distances  
were to come

that love is spatial  
as time is

has just as much to do with the moon  
and sun and all planets and stars the earth  
included

Nothing is to be left out of the real  
especially the distance

If you lie beside me

in a dream

and nobody knows whose dream it is  
and both cry out for priority

If you lie  
beside me

(I am so often  
beside myself

as in the dream we are all  
third persons to ourselves  
pictures on a screen  
the mind's eye  
moving across  
away

Back & across, back  
& across  
moths on the window pane at night  
dancing for the light within

I think of the moon, its phases  
its pull against the earth

You do not ask the moon  
the time of day

We no longer know  
what dances bring the rain  
or how to speak  
to the world outside of men  
directly, as to a love

Do not imagine the birds  
speak only to each other  
when they sing the world

even these moths  
die for the love of light

Against all this you sleep  
your head pressed against my elbow  
at the bend of my arm  
a woman who would take hold  
as water has such a tension  
it bends round the earth  
and contains it against the moon

A man is  
just such intentions  
as are these

is just as many birds  
as the feathers it takes  
to decorate himself

He flies as they do  
and he knows what the birds have told him  
that wearing those feathers  
there is no danger in the act  
of imagination

North is  
the direction  
the bird flies  
in summer

South is the direction  
he flies in winter

one eye in the sun

Such is  
coordination  
the spaces  
of a bird

And when a man moves  
the dance  
as also the bird  
is imperative

Will you step  
this way please

Listen, the words  
will usher you

Perhaps you've been here  
before

but not in this time  
not this dance  
gripped you by the ankles  
swung the world out from under  
and left you dangling  
in the air

To dance  
upside down  
is not easy

the measure  
is slow  
and unsure

in time you will  
renew  
your position

in time you will re-  
turn

the world  
is new

the world  
is your position

the world  
is slow and unsure

to dance is  
the measure  
is slow  
the world

We are back in the dream  
that is everywhere and at once  
the sun has become  
continuous around the earth

at 3 a.m. the dead  
are so much in the air  
it is difficult to breathe

there is laughter everywhere

I open my eyes and a darkness  
fills the room

all forms fall away  
and the walls are a visible

blue I reach into  
your hair

is a tangible substance  
within my hand

Samuel Charters:

ANOTHER TIME IN FRAGMENTS, by Larry Eigner,  
Fulcrum Press, London, 1968. \$6.50

Until Larry Eigner's ANOTHER TIME IN FRAGMENTS I had almost missed him as a poet -- responded only to words and phrases -- to openness of lines and images -- to the small poems already clear and intact that he is the master of,

(9)                  trail nest        upper tree

remember  
and leave it now lie  
beyond

but with this book -- sturdy bound, 141 poems from over seven years -- it comes together, from the fragments to the unified, complete expression that is the mature poet. I think it's a very good book, one of the most satisfactory collections of poems of the last few years (only MAXIMUS IV, V, VI gets handled as often) -- one of Fulcrum's most definite and successful productions.

Poem by poem, as always with Eigner, the hard clarity of image has been there -- his unerring eye and ear.

(from 31)        under the  
                    plaster

and the notched brick

the rain is nothing  
but the walls

(from 14)        the bird  
                    of wire like a nest

is all through the air

still, minutely  
simple

(from 93)        air

pressing through leaf  
 you cannot mount  
 the green  
 sound of

but as the poems open out the special quality of Eigner's seeing becomes less guarded, less difficult. There is the sense of the immediate object -- birds, trees, leaves, storms, cars, telephone wires, streets -- the things he sees from the glass windowed porch where he is forced to spend most of his life -- and there is the sensing of his response to the object -- the place at which he considers it and himself together. He has built a complex vision of these objects, finding that the presence of what he sees and hears is beyond his control, but also that it isn't in any intent harmful. I think Eigner has looked at the physical world with more directness, more openness, more intentness, than the rest of us -- and I find myself looking in each of his poems for the thing that he has found in the experiencing of the poem. His knowledge seems to me to be of almost immeasurable distinctness and value.

ANOTHER TIME IN FRAGMENTS has a widening, extended range, though the poems are each characteristic only of Eigner in their linear openness, physical ambiguity, and immediacy of response. The second poem, in which he refers himself to the "fragments" that he builds the poem from -- moving from the physical scene to his considering of it --

(2)

Again dawn

the sky      dropped  
               its invisible whiteness

we saw      pass out  
               nowhere

empty the blue

stars

our summer  
               on the ground

like last night another  
               time

in fragments

the directness of the short poems --

(44)

opinion drifts

I forget the wind

need to then come back

one of an unknown world

the complex involvements of the loose, longer poems. Duncan has singled out 34. It is one of Eigner's great poems -- uniquely moving in its deeper perception.

(34) the knowledge of death, and now  
knowledge of the stars

there is one end  
and the endless

Room at the center

passage / in no time

a rail      thickets      hills      grass



Larry Eigner:

(6 poems)

strength feels

babies how

unconscious we are startling

big men on the way

they run they

can't walk far decline

the mountain grass just look at

stars knock-outs

how slow is the distance  
the graves

the strong green

complicated productions

the loudspeaker from the field

covers the street

the phone seemed too simple

the old man's idea

he wants to go there

cutting the grass with gas

leaves rising and falling  
in what winds

you know where you're going? (for the Webbs)

Life the placid  
time-bomb

how long the  
other end of the fuse

earth  
coiled up in

how backward running

brake to re-enter

you eat yourself out  
all ways by the tail

it's all moving the road  
taking you away

the desert side

gardens

the flood

earth temperature rises  
towards  
the boiling point of water

with power plants

cool lighting and fires

or fluorescents could dim

Canadian to Australian a  
comparative distance  
the earth bends

travel's a descent or  
pulls or a tendency  
among the stars

it gets heavy  
it grows light

feathers are good for clouds

and rain streaks

the artificial cavern under Denver

the poisoned lake  
the shivering land

\*

a puddle

wind in the day and night

all it takes

a single branch  
to shower down  
and a few twigs

reflections  
dissolve

one center  
to rough edges

walls

and to see the sky  
as unreal

the gnarl  
in the freshened water

\*

half way up to the ceiling  
the flowers  
against the wall that green

the bureau sure,

artificial

the souvenir or  
it was  
a toy horse / cart far  
different scale more than the small clock  
still going you  
just plug it in accelerators guns  
keep the night this is  
one place  
to pass watch  
the step takeoff hear  
who walks by power

drive through the window shifts  
the form of light  
the railroad never in the sea  
the rolling is from there definitely  
story

earth always direction

the glass cooled and  
fit case framed  
how bare

or cockeye settled  
times

of bird sounds the heat measured  
tides  
above the jet  
burn

a little lines

there cancelled

the white plane comes low

long silhouette

\*

so many cars  
keep the road straight

tossing branches for  
the eaves some  
leaves adrift

what wind there is  
the cars' incessant  
noise

like the ocean  
distances  
bodily

dimensions  
smell it  
holds together  
certain degrees of

the next town the next  
junction  
it bodes

tomorrow's wonder  
more or less pain

the all-night traffic  
wakes you up  
too much or  
often enough

and you keep going  
with things the

more it's a  
discovery  
of change

like what was behind that

brick wall  
or fence  
not  
just an old back yard

like dirt  
and bottles but

there were birds

detached passing

and you heard the sea

was there nothing to that?

the lights  
almost continuous make

the window a  
peculiar corridor

neither long nor short

in no direction

The woman's muscle inside him  
beat beat the  
perfect set-up  
some days  
he feels no more than he used to  
walking around

earth's center

earth

center  
of traffic sure is

birdshit wings  
high on the buildings

ah! pain  
that organ showed  
a time before death

and it continues

to meet a man

\* \* \*

Ronald Silliman:      FROM AN ABANDONED TEXT

( 1 )

Where the sea sets the lord ship . as if  
                                   it was the song was all  
                                   was there  
                                  ever the writing without the wall

falls down  
       do the wheels wait, turning  
       over

no sense of the motion, nothing  
       in the air but the damp of the air, the heat

hurting the foot  
       of the injured dog, the dog  
       does not dance  
       as I am told he should, he must

not, must now never

remember the snake, the silver  
       city in the winter is not this place, I sit, the dog also  
       rests, release  
       is not coming, the book  
       of no interest  
       is your voice at the table, terrible, tired, tedium  
       before the classic  
       parable of the paragraph  
       on the phonograph the voice is  
       without choice, his  
       world repeats, relies upon death the echo, the winter  
       I bought another dog

( 2 )

Who but the bay broods, who  
       is to blame for that  
       is the water's way  
       to rest  
       is the threat

who works with no toil, who  
sleeps in steam

without favor, without cargo

come upon the man upon  
the road upon  
his back a dog

did not see the dog, a bag, I saw  
on my honor

to refuse

PATHEI MATHOS is that your name  
the same he said

I said he said  
nothing of import into

the tongue among us  
used  
to be

\*\*\*\*\*

Janine Pommy Vega:            POEM TO THE VIKING  
                                  WARRIOR ANGEL

for Pete:

There is a house ABLAZE inside  
& the fire shines through a window, ferociously alive  
: I am turned toward the window and stand looking.

I see a lion roar thru his blazing mane & the fire is its own master.

Who knows what would happen if the door should suddenly open  
& I go inside?

I know I cannot leave, and stand here waiting  
watching through the window, trembling/ & am not afraid.

new york march 69.

Corinne Robins:

SHEEPER, by Irving Rosenthal, Grove Press, New York  
 Black Cat Edition 1968. \$1.25

HUNCKE'S JOURNAL by Herbert Huncke, The Poet's Press, New York, 1965.

Filled with delicate insect drawings, written in short takes, SHEEPER is a novel, a work of artifice whose style and substance is all Rosenthal's own. In it no one exists except by, for and through "Sheeper" Irving Rosenthal save perhaps for his mother -- aside from prose, the ruling passion of Sheeper's life. By life, I mean the life of Sheeper in this book -- Rosenthal's factual existence is hinted at in three sentences on the frontis page. Facts are not his province, nor in 1969 are they art's save as an off-stage springboard. (Witness the current marketing of the non-fiction novel, a contradiction in terms that clearly indicates where book-as-commodity leaves off and literary work begins.) As for Sheeper's mother, his monster-double, she speaks and writes in another voice which I suspect is also Sheeper's own. He has made it his through the constant love-hate that prevades the book to create one more echoing screen for the speaking voice. The emotional weight of her upon the narrator, the loving screams she provokes prevails. Feelings, states of consciousness, encounters with himself by means of loves and friends, his eczema, his highs are subject matter. Sheeper describes the experience of chloral hydrate, of pot and mescalin as opposed to an LSD trip and takes you with him each time. Rosenthal dilating on art, sex, insects, magical objects: no one is more self-consciously the poseur seeing even in the Northern lights the long green fingers of masturbation. He is sometimes a captive of his own sentence artistry -- too many images decorating his obsessions. But for the most part, he blocks them into paragraphs and, of course, it is the paragraphs which stand. He begins with a simile which is almost too easy, too strong and takes off. As here:

"When you smoke pot your time is pulled out like taffy. Roy, his Wife and I are stretched out on a bed, and the last band of the last record has played. Who will turn the stack over? Roy is looking at his Wife, she is looking at the wall, and I am trying hard to look like a guest--let them fight it out as usual so I don't have to interrupt the escalator trains of thought and lizard peace and make my way across the room. But they are holding out, they are not moving, they would prefer silence to the onerous job. Already Roy knows what I'm thinking and is about to say "Why don't you turn the records over Sheeper?" and Roy's Wife will add "Yeah, you're the host," the two against Sheeper as a walled city sinking, and so I undercut them and struggle up from the sea, and waddle across the floor shaking out water, palm over palm on the wall, my long thumbnails tapping, and stand before the Victrola, the record still spin-

ing, and slowly push my hands into the awful machine--when the next band, the real last band, begins."

Gertrude Stein says somewhere in How to Write "Paragraphs are emotional, sentences are not." Which is why prose is an art of slow effects. No writer, however special, has been able to escape this limitation. Particularly Rosenthal (see his embarrassing attempts at open verse) who is above all special -- by choice and vocation the sobbing queer.

I don't particularly like queer novels & Rosenthal's virulent hatred of women (which turns out to be one more pose) puts me off. So do all his cocks, stiff pricks, dirty underwear and handkerchiefs full of come. Yet I've read the book twice, maybe because Sheeper parades all his lies, all his tricks -- undercutting them with the little child's cry, 'Look I fooled you' -- in order to get at the multifarious truths of himself.

He can't tell a story. Instead, he falls back on excerpts from Herbert Huncke's notebook to recount his great struggle of white magic as opposed to black summed up in the person of a man named Bill India. Huncke (an actual person) Rosenthal sees as the natural storyteller, a junkie-Homer of the lower East side. Here is Sheeper summing up Huncke's art:

"In telling a story he becomes a spirit risen high above his mortal body--risen high and drifting even higher in the empty space. He talks through his flesh below like a ventriloquist. It may be Huncke's voice box which says "I", but it is that high astral body who holds our ear, and who owns every fault and sin of the man below relevant to the complete truthful telling of the tale, without the slightest shame or dodge. Ah and those small incidental confessions the spirit calls no attention to in passing are like incandescent shrines of light falling on the wretch's head below. Huncke beams, shriven, while the narrating spirit pushes on, unaware of the magic it has wrought."

Poets Press a few years ago published HUNCKE'S JOURNAL, a book which on first sight could be SHEEPER's complement. In it, the same Bill India and Elise exist as human beings rather than as merely forces in a struggle for Sheeper's and everybody else's soul. But despite similarities of scene and people, no two works could be further apart. Huncke emerges as a fragile lyrical writer, absorbed in junk and in love with death, who writes best about the strangers and friends who allow him to be a bystander of their lives. His prose is simple and tender, given to carefully detailing the minutiae of people's rooms and appearances. His stories revolve around the tragedy of broken innocence, and the fragile passages of truth between people in their suspended city lives. A barely conscious artist with a small true voice, Huncke since his death has become a legendary personage on the lower East side. This is fact -- more or less. In SHEEPER, however, Huncke exists as a demi-god storyteller, Sheeper's sometime ally whose gentle conning operations provoke Rosenthal's raging admiration. It's difficult for him to understand Huncke's sojourns in jail, his simplicity in the face of others and his relatively calm modes of self-destruction. For Rosenthal is always busily wresting a life for himself, a life that must and will become art. He is more than a little of a monster who has hatched a modern classic and can well afford to smirk from the jacket cover of SHEEPER: his eczemas of skin and soul are vitally alive. It's not unlike the man-woman situation where the man looks deep into the girl's eyes and tells her he's no good to get

himself off the hook later when it turns out to be the truth. Well, it's the same thing with SHEEPER. Rosenthal says he writes in a "stone prose" that will last. And even while you deny it, his obsessions sticking in your throat, his poses and his whining -- his power is undeniable.

\*\*\*\*\*

Joe Early:

(two poems

### MARTIAL AIRE FOR JOHN STEELE

a one legged man  
in a wheelchair croaking  
between heaves hung  
in a parachute  
from the church steeple  
as a boy during  
war, during war  
during war.

### OLD LOG

emotion  
sharp whipcrack  
a location of forms  
tell this or that  
old hat as love  
form as her  
queen of hearts  
whichever hand  
wins  
wins.

Larry Goodell:

### LAST SIGHT & SACRIFICE

This light is my becoming

dog on the rocks at my feet  
 black I thot shone  
 dark umbers leaves and seeds golden  
 where he has rolled to scratch his back

this morning there are dragonflies  
 hundreds lost formation  
 gliders without rudders  
 hover  
 and plunge  
 over the chamisa

silver greens that mute  
 their yellows in late summer  
 give way now to grasses gone to seed

to the junipers  
 silver-grays of dead  
 dulled greens of live  
 wood wood

to the loss of 3 dimensions  
 where hills of pink  
 line beyond Placitas  
 to the River

these hills in my blood  
 are mottled with green  
 the mesquite green that covered  
 the lots my father bot  
 in Roswell

bulldozed  
 built our house  
 greens to die  
 in our blood

(light is my warning)

2 yards in the air  
the small flies zip curve  
disjoined in their hovering

my mind works in such a way  
not the hills and high loops  
of dragonflies  
but the knots tied without cords  
communicated spasms  
therefore untied  
of these small flies

the hill of shadow follows as I write  
where fingers hold the pen  
no size only proportion  
room for a few lines  
rise and fall

the River winds thru the dragonflies  
its bosque of sap green the cottonwoods  
60 gallons of water a day into the air  
from each

my grandfather stuck a couple  
sprouts in the ground  
gigantic now  
both of them  
40 years later

I catch where I am going  
tantalize lights thru the leaves  
move in the wind on these pages  
shadows flies

I am cut up this morning by the light

/ 4 Jun 66

Michael McClure:

The first nine of FLEAS or FLEECE or  
MICHAELFODES from a book of 250  
stanzas of childhood remembrances  
rhymed and typed and spontaneously  
spattered and clattered onto paper...

1.

WHAT CAN I DO  
WHEN I AM BLUE  
but write to you  
OH MUSE,  
you're my Duse  
and I've got  
no clues  
as to where  
you comb your hair

By the curtains, I'm certain!  
I can see you flirtin  
in the mirror with your twin

OH  
NO

RAINbow April  
Dogs making mountain smiles  
Fountains of ambient Titan's breath  
Black Wooden Chairs  
(lined with red fox fur)  
&  
white doves' wings  
flapping around like Conner's visions

I know this old life is not a prison!

2.

ON THE STREET DOGS DO IT

I PREFER HAWGS

to dogs

and like rats and falcons

best of all.

There's no call

to go flapping and crapping

around the Universe

and make it worse

EXCEPT

to fertilize the flowers

till they become purple towers

with gold pollen

and pistils of gold

UHHHH! UGHHHHUUHHH!! Grunts

the little furry creature

brown and downy and yellow

legs pressed forward

against

the turd unfolding

((My lawyer calls to drop his jewels

upon poets and fools

UGH

oh) (oh

Telephone loves me...

3.

**SCATOLOGY, WHY MUST YOU BE MY OLOGY  
MYTHOBIOLOGY**

Dreams of heaven-sent tumors  
to end the rumors  
that I am mad

Then they'll all be glad  
all the lawyers & dentists  
&  
I'll be dreaming in my  
**BLACK BLACK BLACKNESS**  
pulling the slackness  
out of the threads  
that hold all of the dreads  
of this hole shot  
together...

(Less than a feather  
or hand tooled leather  
I drift back and forth

Grandfather's watches ticking  
Perspiration spots on chrome  
Children moving through  
holes in burlap  
Clicks of cars on asphalt  
Green speckled sandcrabs  
under shale

Ocean waves pounding, and snow  
and hail

## 4.

I CRIED FOR THE ODEM THE UNDERSOUL

I CRY FOR THE ODEM THE UNDERSOUL

like a whinnying foal

within myself, a rag  
and a bone and a hank  
of hair...

All of the grumblings stare  
from double breasted suits

I'm looking for the shoots  
of the Goethe blossom  
under the owls wings  
on the mt. top.

There's no slop there  
but waves of earth and dearth

Little spiders with women's faces  
&  
patterns like carpets  
on their backs

Earwigs playing cello for the snail

The gartersnake calling on the whale

EXPANDED OUT  
to shape the universe a vibratory image!

5.

### THE TEA

IS A SEA  
 of wave forms boiling  
 and exploding.  
 Spider Legs" they call it  
 watch them unrolling

I'm old enough to be  
 Myself  
 YOURSELF  
 watching me

I've a wall against all things  
 THREATENED  
 like a yellow submarine  
 or a meat machine  
 pressing against a wall

There's no call  
 to write all  
 THIS  
 THEEEESE  
 THOOSE  
 NOUS  
 HEAR THE WHEELS SPINNING  
 and grinning... Slush Shlush!  
 I don wanto crush myself  
 against no bulkhead

6.

BUT I BELIEVE IN ALL THINGS

THAT BE

themselves -- I whom

NO THING

FRIGHTENED

LIGHTENED

Towers of Ankof Vat

((A very handsome mat

inee Idyl with

kohl

Eyes style of Deatha Rab)))

"Ceylon, he said, brightening

his unbelmished dissembling

mammar... "Climed

all the steppes..."

He was slightly Russian and wore

a Turban in an Urban

style...

or some such

Lapis Lazuli Daughter

Musk scented scarves soaked in water

Maple leaves in crystal goblets

Dusty cobblestones of Persia

Aching bones of threaded tones

Stones from handy bladders

7.

A HUNDRED ELFS CLIMBING LADDERS  
SHEEP SLEEPING IN EMPTY FIELDS

Snow turning to blue pools  
Snails dazed on mason's walls  
A million halls  
where angels fear to fool  
and giant octopi are playin  
violins  
Als, Alas, I know if well Drambuie!  
Tis the pits where eyes were  
Whores that spouted jools from spools  
of stools  
like helix molecules  
of utter flight!

Dalmations climbing fences  
in red light of morn,

KEARNEY,  
NEBRASKA,

U.

S.

of

A.

1937

8.

WE DUG THE HOLE  
I PISSED THE POND  
it disappeared  
tho hearts were fonda.  
What was the neighbor boy's name..?  
He's a Lark in the Halls of Fame.  
FREE ASSn. PHRENZY...  
OH NO  
Day Glo  
We're in the Noh  
I dream to go  
where memories flow  
when the brain's unforzen  
UNFROZEN  
like a long-lost cousin  
Seattle standing on the Beach  
by sea of green  
a young machine  
in search of meaning beauty.  
What do you see  
young fellah?  
The soul is yellow  
that answers not.  
The cells a machine for storing  
thought! Hello,  
old ancient alchemy.

9.

OR SEALS BESIDE THE SILVER SPANNING  
BRIDGE WITH SILVER  
assholes drenched in mud.  
A million mouths chewing cud.  
Leap in beside your mother.  
You ain't got no brother  
but a father  
and he'd rather you  
wuz dud!  
But he don't draw no blood  
--he leaps upon yer back!

INTO THE SACK  
with momma-OH  
IBBIDY, BIBBIDY  
SIBIDY  
SAP  
&  
NIBS

The Chinaman drank the ocean up.  
(One brother)  
The other one ate the world  
No?

Ferdinand sniffing flowers.  
Wee Willy Bag Pipe  
Playing to the cattle  
What did the mice prattle  
to the elves?

Jack Hirschman:

DILDO

In quiet despair of a cycle in cool exhaustion in the night of Angels  
everywhere in Paris in London in New York inside the In of the Inner  
at the point of black humor and the travesties of betrayal and sell of  
wartold lies returning to mouths eating the crows of Van Goghs purity  
anonymous ecstacies of wooden hair and Zimpandu barked through the only  
bony Christ concretely hung round ones own neck in the lap of Maria  
strung up on the negatives of the astrologies spurting scorpion wads of  
counterfeit paradox I conjure you Dildo out of the dark of this oark  
in the spit of the eyeballs coming to meet one on the humiliated street  
of this night limned with leathery halo fantasies searching one wrist of  
a red rod one son of a nun one curse to be blessed one finger of ten-  
dresse longing to be a boys whittle usage of flute in the tough fender-  
loved last gasps of a politic desolate as a couple of broadsides slapped  
against the hips of a revolution turned into a granite mass with all the  
quick juice gone from the two of us and all the kingdom come shot out of  
the motels eyes knocking about in the pockets with lost marbles Old Cob  
I make you no new woman but myself appended awake with the poem strapped  
round your deep body artificial Jerusalem with its cruelty of theaters  
meshed with wild fences and the stocking of Zero each line of this new  
man and woman shall with tall and straight branching of our small forest

loyalties fall from the sky fill the woman come upon me with the tree  
story unscrolled from the biblical root

\*\*\*\*\*

Sue Wilkins:

the water backs away & he doesn't know  
will the moon not suck  
up the sea not merely urge  
her to arrange her strange body  
arms at her sides palm upwards  
whose salt palms he kisses  
as though they were entrances

Will it go  
away & will he have to walk forever on rocks  
feet cut bleeding on black snails who  
cling to the rocks, to England, to find the  
sea again

Supreme tenderness. The snail  
blind glue feeling rock as the palm of hand  
passes along her body

So far out to wade  
to where you can swim. Hurt feet & slime  
vinyl seaweed wrapt ankles

**Kenneth Irby: SUMMER FOG**

• • •

The sunlight is steady and seeming eternal  
through the windows of my room

afternoon

after the fogs of morning  
opened

moon waxes to May's  
full moon

thistles

### **to opening**

the year

to solstice, and that turn

we all turn upon

we can upon

but I feel it reversed in me

that rise and fall --

gathering strength as the year goes down

and waning from that inner still point

of certainty, winter's turn

that way is best? I am carried on

in the seasons' rise

and in their quieting

rise myself

because I know I go

that way

soon enough

and out of all the body's seasons

### **quiescence and the certain**

translucency, skin

stretched tight and thin

#### **to the clarity**

to the clarity  
of this unmitigating

### **Light**

四

The darning egg of agate and the pen cap  
 the keys and their shadows  
 the translucency of papers  
 when the eyes lift, in that order  
 lead on out the window  
 equal then to the music  
 as only sounds  
 whoever, however come

eye and ear, all senses  
 equal to the center  
 -- darkness, I imagine --  
 of me, of my body, where I spring  
 or where all feelings seem to spring  
 out and in at once

\*

From the west, the fog  
 moves in again, obscuring the horizon --  
 I feel I'm facing a storm  
 every time my eyes are down  
 and then look up into  
 the clear light  
 carrying the edge of storm  
 in me, always to reconcile  
 never reconciled

the edges of light  
 and shadow under the keys and  
 across the top of the pen cap  
 shifting but not  
 lost in me, never  
 erased in me

\* \* \*

So I have faced the horizon and the long  
 building and fading of the daily fogs, looked  
 west into the sun setting, every day  
 as the season has run, the earth  
 tipping, the sun to south again

and been lost off and on, as now  
 in the telling of it  
 carefully through myself

as if to rise  
 to learn to rise, in imi-, intimation  
 of a passing out of this  
 a change of state

felt as a rise  
 because the body's slower  
 to a quick rise? knows a quicker tiredness  
 past eagerness

sheer will  
 seeing its seat surer  
 in attention in what all  
 actions quickness  
 does not make more than  
 a mere impressive display

\*

Rise is  
 an unwise  
 choice, for  
 it may be  
 descent  
the beckoning  
 not tempting, lure, specious  
 but the feeling of  
 a natural certainty  
 onward

\*

O shit, it isn't  
age  
 prompts to consider  
 me going where  
 at the rate of slow  
 more edginess I don't intend  
  
 but over and over

kinships with transitory  
recurring  
forms of cumulation --

                          clouds, fucking, wind  
falls, ice, peepee, the attention  
span, fine liquor  
in its retailed state

\*

The song in  
whatever state  
beats shit out of  
and is a long  
equal line with  
the horizon on  
the finger of  
the eyes at  
inattention  
(not this, not  
now, not my own,

I have to say,  
that song  
has to be made  
for me)

\*

Light, skin, and the droopy  
shingle eaves, grass turned yellow  
in the gutters  
stubbs

    in this light, this  
sunset dense with fog

don't leave the thoughts  
of body gone to seed  
ever alone

\* \* \*

The body gone to seed

rises like milkweed  
set afloat

\*

what does "gone to seed" mean?  
that I've fucked my way home?

certainly where the jism goes

\*

milkweed seed aloft  
across the lava barrancas of Paradise

or those grass seeds  
Lowell and I found  
popping off all around us  
in a meadow above the Mad River --  
a filament, a tough awn  
braced the pod while it  
unwound, drilling itself  
into the ground

                                  seeking the ground  
of nutriment

\*

"the body gone to seed" --  
what did I mean by that?  
that I was feeling sad and seedy  
wanted to break out any way  
from the tight house I carried with me  
an uncertain sexuality  
very little touch, fearfulness  
of loss?  
no fucking  
long looking  
out at the grundginess  
which I didn't register, only  
well absorbed --

but seed? out of all  
I'd known, to be  
reborn

-- May-Aug 68, Apr 69  
Berkeley



Robert Duncan:

## MAN'S FULFILLMENT IN ORDER AND STRIFE

"War is both King of all and Father of all," Heraclitus says. Among poets throughout the world or within any nation, men are at war, even deadly war, with each other concerning the nature and responsibility of poetry. Conventional poets and avant-garde poets are at war; within the avant-garde followers of Pound and William Carlos Williams find themselves at war with the new gang of concrete or constructivist poets. And within the tribe of concrete poets, sound poets are at war with visual poets who raise the polemics of the letter of the word against the voice. Every order of poetry finds itself, defines itself, in strife with other orders. A new order is a contention in the heart of existing orders.

An ideal study of poetry would be concerned with all the kinds of poetries, the ideas men have had of what poetry is, with identifying the species of poetry, varieties of the poem in evolution. But, although I am interested in the nature of Poetry itself and hence am at times a would-be student, because I am a poet I find myself a prejudiced member of a very small community of belief in strife with other poets about what the poem is. We are concerned with World Order, and I would propose too that there is a nature or order of all poetries. But at best I experience only the different and differing orders of poetry that involve often incompatible ideas of what world and order are. Not only do we have different languages, we have different worlds and different orders; and within our American "world" and the particular language that the art of poetry creates there are communities of all kinds; each idea of poetry in so far as it is vitally concerned is charged with the conviction that it has a mission to change, to recreate, the heart of poetry itself. Each of us must be at strife with our own conviction on behalf of the multiplicity of convictions at work in poetry in order to give ourselves over to the art, to come to the idea of what the world of worlds or the order of orders might be. We must go beyond the sincere into the fiction whose authors, Blake tells us, are in Eternity. We must set up in the midst of the truth of What Is, the truth of what we imagine.

In the struggle to undo all the particular claims to order in Poetry, the critical battles, the movements that rule for a period, setting up laws and definitions to establish what is in order and what out of order, and then are replaced by other movements, by new periods of taste and belief, and the surrounding ever springing up dragon's teeth, the contenders and outlaws--these battles carry into the public field the inner battles of the individual poet's soul. The crucial battle in which we should exterminate the enemy is the battle against what seem to us established ideas of the poet and his art; but no sooner is he exterminated than, disestablished, he must spring anew to fight now, not for his establishment but for his life. The very life of our art is our keeping at work contending forces and convictions. When

I think of disorders, I often mean painful disorders, the disordering of fruitful orders that form in ones own work. This is the creative strife that Heraclitus praised, breaking up, away from what you knew how to do into something you didn't know, breaking up the orders I belong to in order to come into alien orders, marches upon a larger order.

When I first decided to be a poet--it came as a conviction that this was to be my work--this itself was a disordering of the world and its orders in which I had been raised. My father had been an architect and, until he died, when I was sixteen, I had been preparing to enter that world. Ideas of architecture still continue in my art today as a poet, but my conversion to Poetry was experienced by myself and by those about me as my being at war with every hope the world before had had of me. Poetry was not in the order of things. One could not earn a living at poetry. Writing poems was not such a bad thing, but to give ones life over to poetry, to become a poet, was to evidence a serious social disorder.

It was the dramatic monologues of Robert Browning that turned my attentions fo poetry. The ideal for my middle-class professional parents was to become someone, to have character and individuality, to be a real person and make a name for oneself. They strove to establish their identity in facts and actual achievements and to keep in its place another world of lower desires and idle fancies. Against this, Robert Browning's art of speaking in many imagined persons created an order of poetry, of made-up things, in what was most feared as a mental disorder, a splitting into a multitude of projected personalities--none of them Browning's own. Against the private property of self, he created a community of selves, taking existence in other times and places, other lives, other persons.

In my adolescent years I grew up in a small valley city--at least Bakersfield was then, in the 1930s, no more than 40,000 people--a fairly good-sized one, but a closed community. There would be a place for me, if I completed my professional training and took up my father's office, if I came to the right conclusions. In the life of the town one realized that if one became an interesting person, a personality of the town, then one might come into the actual central life of the city and that was the way it was run. If you get the picture, you could fit yourself in. But something in me did not want to come to such conclusions. I think when I look back on it, that's the strongest drive of my life that things not come to the conclusions I saw around me, and this involved the conclusions that I saw shaping in my own thought and actions.

Poetry, as an art, provided a dimension that I could not see in architecture, where every building was completed in itself; for in writing I came to be concerned not with poems in themselves but with the life of poems as part of the evolving and continuing work of a poetry I could never complete--a poetry that had begun long before I was born and that extended beyond my own work in it. The quality I strove for in each poem was not the quality of the work itself present in the poem. I strove for the quality of my participation in the art.

At sixteen what principles had I to criticize the conclusions I saw about me? Surely I found reasons to reject as unworthy the goals and way of

life proposed, but what moved me was only that I did not want to come to a conclusion in things. Yet there was not only this negation, for at the heart of that not wanting was a wanting to come into a vital concern that would continue.

When the invitation came to take part in this conference on Language and World Order, I felt it as an imperative, because, again, my search for a poetry that was not to come to a conclusion, a mankind that was in process not in progress, or let's say a picture of life--of the nature of life itself--in which no species would be an advance on another, leads me on to a view of language, world, and order, as being in process, as immediate happening, evolving and perishing, without any final goal--the goal being in the present moment alone. Here the future and the past are created, destroyed, created. I cannot see evolution as leading upward to Man; anymore than I can see the Australian bushman as backward or primitive or the New York sophisticate as advanced or civilized or--as many see it--brutalized. The contemporaneous elephant, the contemporaneous amoeba are not evolving towards man or fulfilled in man; anymore than the Australian might be improved to be educated as a bushman. Both sentimentalities appeal. And, caught in the burdensome struggle for survival in Manhattan, we may truly yearn for what we see as the simplicities of the struggle for survival in "primitive" life.

Human art has not improved or progressed since the Masters of the Cave, nor has it regressed or lost its vitality. In Berkeley, years ago, Giedion lecturing on the beginnings of Art showed a lantern slide of Picasso drawing with light upon the air. "As in the beginning," Giedion cried with glee--"without value--you can't sell it--without value!" The artist's conscience lies in the depth and wholeness of his involvement in the work where it is. There is a profound change in poetry between the pre-literate art of Homer and the literate art of our own day. Our knowledge of Homer enlarges our apprehension of the world, but our work in that apprehension of the world, but our work in that apprehension remains. "All ages are contemporaneous," the poet Ezra Pound suggests in his Spirit of Romance. This, of course, was the principle of Robert Browning's monologues. Whatever the Golden Age, the Fall, the Decline of the Heroic or the Progress or the Degeneration of Man were, they were as much today as five thousand years ago or in Time to Come. Our contemporary concern with World Order seems specially charged with a crisis in language and world, we are in apocalyptic times. But this crisis is not at some particular time or place; it is the condition of man and we find it wherever men have been awake to that condition. This feeling of coming to the end or the beginning of things never comes to an end and is always beginning.

Mankind that does not come to an end, or rather, whose Nature is in the wholeness of his species and not in his end, except as it is present in that wholeness, that is made up of a multitude of individualities, has become for me the central theme--a Man of all men, multiphasic, beyond what we can know but central, as we are immediate realities of Man, to what we are. This was the Adam in whom all the species have their identity. In the traditions of the Jewish Kabala this Adam falls part into the lives of all men--his identity hidden in our identities.

By the time of the Second World War I saw the reality of Hitler America was fighting as lying in what America was becoming. The United States would emerge as the power in Europe and Asia that Germany and Japan had been. I had formed a mystical pacifism: all national allegiances--my own order as an American--seemed to be really betrayals of the larger order of Man. In time we defeated Hitler, and live now in a world where not only does Hitler spring anew in his homeground which our war did nothing to transform, but we find our own government more and more in his place. Butchering Germans and Japanese had not exterminated the will to power through terror but extended it.

If you believed in Man and you were concerned with Man as an author is concerned with his *dramatis personae* in creation, then Mae West and Hitler, I realized, were contained in the reality of what Man was. They must be evidence if we were to consider the nature of the species. MacBeth is a terrible and deranged figure, and Lear in his madness brings ruin upon the land, but for their creator Shakespeare, they are not enemies but evidences of what humanity can be. Reject Mae West as vulgar or Hitler as the enemy, reject them as fellows of our kind, and you have to go to battle against the very nature of Man himself, against the truth of things. Hitler cannot be defeated; he must be acknowledged and understood. But we often do not want to find out what Man is like; we would divorce ourselves from fearful possibilities. Put away death and immunize ourselves to contending lives. Over and over again men disown their commonality with living things in order to conquer a place, exterminate the terrible or rise above the vulgar.

These two figures that came to my mind from the public history of the 1930s were challenges to the language of the art. Mae West I saw as good, a folk heroine in the struggle for a candid sexuality. I had a sort of Dame Falstaff, a super mamma; and, in Hitler I had--thinking now not of the specter of Hitler that he raised, but of the *dramatis persona* in the War of Contending Powers--a superman, as always he is, victim of his villainies. These two blasted the boundaries of what was accepted or taken for granted in American middle-class life as the boundaries of human reality. Humorously or madly, they made real and inflicted upon the world order what were considered to be unreal wishes and phantasies or fearful disorders. The clown and the murderer reveal that Nature is unnatural, Order is disordering. For, indeed, both Mae West and Hitler project individual personality in its power to invade actual reality.

Reading Dante's De Monarchia in his last year for the first time since some eighteen years ago when I was in Medieval studies, I saw Dante's vision of World Order anew in terms of my own emerging ideas of cosmos and life orders. We had, as I remember, taken it for granted that Dante's world would mean Christendom, and, within Christendom, the Roman Catholic reality. True, Dante makes it clear enough in the Divine Comedy, as in the Vita Nuova and the Convivio, that the pre-Christian world--both the Classical and the Hebrew--belongs to the goods of the intellect. And there was the lingering suspicion that Dante, in his alliance with the tradition of the troubadours of the heretical Provence, might be heterodox in his sympathies. Henri Corbin in his Avicenna and the Visionary Recital tells us that Beatrice in her dual personality is an angelic power, the

Active Intellect, which Dante had found, not in Christianity but in the Sufi teachings--in Moslem heresy. The World Order of the Divine Comedy was not only Christian but in its prime mover Islamic. Now, in De Monarchia, some very telling passages in the opening chapters emerged in a new light.

The World Order, for Dante, is a work of art: "the eternal God, by his art, which is nature, brings into being the human race", he writes. In which the ultimate fittingness of every thing, being, or event, is its contribution to the intent of the whole. "God and nature makes nought superfluous, but all that comes into being is for some function." In terms of my own Darwinian persuasion--for I see Creation as a process of evolution of forms, and these forms in turn as arising and surviving in a ground of individual variations and mutations where the multiplicity is not superfluous but the necessary condition of potential functions. "No created being is a final goal in the intention of the Creator; but rather is the proper function of that being the goal." In Darwinian evolution the intention of the Creator is itself evolving, itself having identity in the process of the survival and perishing of potential functions. And the intention of the Creator, for Dante too, is larger than the creation of Man; it is posited in the universe, the sum of forms or form of forms in time and space: "The totality of men is a whole relatively to certain parts, and it is likewise a part relatively to a certain whole. That is, it is a whole relatively to special kingdoms and nations... and it is a part relatively to the whole universe." Not only is there no superfluous part in the process of the whole, but in turn the very multiplicity of parts, the variety of individualizations, races and species, is essential to the design, creative of the design: no one a goal but each a function in the creation at work. "There is, then," Dante continues, "some function proper to humanity as a whole for which that same totality of men is ordained in so great a multitude, to which neither one man, nor one family, nor one district, nor one city state, nor any individual kingdom may attain." Man's special mode of being, for Dante, is "apprehension by means of the potential intellect," the coming into being of an intellect; and in turn the potentiality requires the multitude of individualities: "And since that same potentiality cannot all be reduced to actuality at the same time by one man, or by any of the limited associations distinguished above, there must needs be multiplicity in the human race, in order for the whole of the potentiality to be actualized thereby. Like as there must be multiplicity of things generable in order that the whole potentiality of first matter may always be in act..." The World Order, "the temporal monarchy," Dante calls it, is "a unique principedom extending over all persons in time" or "in and over those things which are measured by time." This authority is an authorship that comes into being throughout the time of creation; a poetry in which the actualization of each member's potentiality is remembered in the whole.

We think of Dante as the poet of the Christian synthesis of the thirteenth century, uniquely the master in whose work there is the crown of the civilization of the late Medieval period and the beginnings of what we call the Renaissance; and in the De Monarchia as the spokesman for the temporal authority of the Holy Roman Empire. Dante had been a leader of the defeated Ghibelline party, active in the politics of Florence, and his wife was of the powerful Guelf Donati family. In 1302 he was exiled and condemned with his two sons

to death. For nineteen years--the years of his creative vision--he lived until his death in exile. Of his wife Gemma di Manetto Donati we hear nothing; she remained with the opposition. The Lady who appears in his vision is Beatrice Portinari who had died when Dante was twenty-four. For Dante as author his one personality as a Ghibelline partisan, "nor one family, nor one city-state", proved to be his proper function. And back of the argument for the authority of the Emperor, we begin to see a larger function of the term of empire. "That I may keep vigil for the good of the world," Dante declares in the opening paragraph of De Monarchia.

Nor can Christendom itself suffice. The order of "all persons in time" and "things which are measured by time" must include the multiplicity of other religions and philosophies, of all instances in which man comes into apprehensions of what he is. Plato as well as Christ belongs to the apprehension of the potential intellect. For us today, the intelligence of man's earliest works--the intelligence of the shaping hand at work on the axe blades of obsidian--belongs to the great work. The goal not only could not lie in any one kingdom, but not in any one civilization. Here Dante anticipates Toynbee, where the proper form lies in "the entire civilization of the human race." In the extension of time that meant for Dante that the goal lay in the civilizations of Greece and Rome and of the Old Testament Israel as well as in the Christian era. In space it meant that the goal must include the Moslem, the Jewish, the Byzantine, as well as the Roman Catholic. But Dante's father had died a heretic, and Dante had his own origins in the Romance tradition of the Provence where gnostic cult and Kabbala mingled with Hermetic Islam. The multiplicity of the human potentiality upon which Dante insists meant he knew that true order must insure freedom and peace--in order that each individual be free to actualize its own potential. He took his definition from Aristotle: "that is free which exists for the sake of itself and not of some other." "Under a perverted government a good man is a bad citizen," he quotes Aristotle further, "but under a right one, a good man and a good citizen are convertible terms."

Today the World Order that we know must be imagined in terms not of one civilization but of the multiplicity of civilizations; as the imagination of Man's potentialities must search out all we know and dream of Man's experience everywhen, everywhere. Certainly the governments under which man lives today are perverted versions. The United States in the name of industrial free enterprise and democracy attacks wherever it can the "Communist" world, sacrificing all freedom of individuals in a conscription for a war in the name of freedom, as the word "free" in economics covers a reality of tax-indebtedness and wage slavery. And the Soviet Union of Russia faces the "Imperialist" world, in the name of communism, where all individual volition is sacrificed for the power of the State. Where once the Provence was ravaged and its populations murdered in a holy Christian crusade declared by the Papacy; today Johnson's armies destroy Viet Nam, to save it from communism, and the Soviet Union descends upon a Hungary, to save it from heretical practices.

Yet the individualism of American ideals and the communism of Soviet ideals--and in each civilization the ideal of brotherhood in a common society--belong to the earlier Christian vision of the good. In the name of democracy we produce a travesty of brotherhood--a society based on sibling rival-

ry. And in the name of communism they produce a travesty in which the bosses of a political party control all means of production and realization. In the United States as well as in the Soviet Union today men must fight for freedom.

If we are so upon the brink of the destruction not only of political orders and of civilizations but of the potentiality of world order itself--for that is the nightmare content of our times--involving all beings, all living forms, then we are in such a perversion of government that no man who means good can be a good citizen. If our manner of speech has come, as it has, to be so much a cover that for the sake of freedom men are drafted against their will; for the sake of peace, armed men and tanks fight in our streets; and for the sake of the good life, the resources of our land are ruthlessly wasted, and waterways and air polluted, then we need a new manner of speaking.

But the "we" who find ourselves on the brink of the destruction of the World Order are also, wherever we have sought to imagine the nature of freedom and of our commonality, the meaning of living for one's own true sake and of the multiplicity of freedoms necessary for the fulfillment of the whole of Man's potentiality, we are also on the brink of our own vision of World Order. There is just this apprehension of a World Order, of a potential intellect, in which each lives. It is the attack everywhere upon the potential intellect of Man, the contempt for the vision of the world ecology and animal life and for Man's work and identity therein, that brings us to the brink. But this is an attack that is made in every generation of Man. The bend of the bow, Heraclitus called it. Freud in our day a Heraclitean saw the bow bent between Eros and Thanatos. In our apprehension of the potential intellect, we find superimposed the multiplicities of What Is--"the facts of life"--and ideas of World Order in which oppositions are in agony. There is a deadly intent at work in life. As we raise the picture of an ideal World Order, the universe as a triumphant work of art--the mask now of the face of Man's potentialities in their actualizations --a vulgar comedy of sexual aggression, Mae West, and a vulgar tragedy--it is the word "tragedy" that comes to mind as the twin of "comedy"--but it is a horror drama of the wrath, the enmity of the Gods, that comes as twin of the sexual comedy, Hitler--these two clowns of desire and hatred haunt that mask.

This very brink in which we despair of the unity in multiplicity of humanity is the brink in which we had the vision of that unity. We are no more than ourselves, members of the human community at once hopeful and despairing, if not at war with the threat of foreign tyranny at war with the threat of our own inner tyranny, at war for the world view against the national or party polemic, at war for the totality of our human nature against the polemics of a character-forming rigor mortis; and yet, we are envisioning the greatest commonality, seeing as if with "God's" eye a release of Man's fullest nature from its bonds. At once creatures, subject to the intent of the creation we belong to, and, seeing ourselves so, creators, participants in that intent. "God," Heraclitus said, "is day night, war peace..." "and undergoes alterations in the way that fire, when it is mixed with spices, is named according to the scent of each." We have had argued or taken for granted that the term "God" is not necessary or that the term "God" is not fitting where the reality of things is to be considered. And we could certainly argue that "apprehension by means of the potential intellect" is a highly idealized characteristic for Man as a species. But in

the language of poetry, in the reality of the imagination--what in certain intensities of language-excitement we actually do imagine--the coexistence of all beings in the time of human thought is a fact. The modern mind has chickened out on God; but poets, familiars of daemons and centaurs, elemental sprites and angelic powers, work in the world of creative fictions, a world in which, as William James in his Psychology saw, Pickwick and Christ have an enduring reality. For us, for whom everything in human experience is so real and immediate wherever our human consciousness and conscience, our conscience, is alive and aware, for whom words call up immediacies, God in all the splices of men's life records of their experience of God is real.

Today, many use marijuana or L. S. D. in order to come into a reality larger than their own personality or case history or their one family or one city or one nation or one species. But I do it on language. Words send me.

Taking self in nature or cosmos, enlarges the meaning of freedom. Taking the God in the multiplicity of men's languages, in the apprehension of the multiplicity of actualizations beyond ones vision, enlarges the language of unity and intent. All that we can know of Man's engagement with Self and World, what we can read from the wall paintings of the Ice Age as well as what we can read from Darwin and Lyell, must be acknowledged and redeemed in our own feeling of Self and World. If I seek to picture Man in his multiplicity for myself, and in that multiplicity to imagine a composition in which goods and evils belong to the order of things; if I seek in that order of things to read another order of creative significance, it is because I feel the world as creation and what is happening as a drama, the processes of the actual world as the deepest drama. The stars, the dark depths of space beyond, and the light streaming from the sun, speak to us; the earth, the waves and winds, the twittering of birds and the glances of animals, speak to us. The fall of a rock, the shifting of sands can be read and, in one way of reading, the story of the earth is revealed, in another way of reading, elusive apprehensions of our own inner fate or identity in process emerge. We are creatures of language and invent in turn with the sounds of our mouths, or hands beating surfaces, or with marks upon a stone or arrangements of sticks, an other speech, a speech "for its own sake" in answer to the World Order which was a language before ours. All human life is most truly, it has seemed to poets, a dream; or "a stage" Shakespeare calls it. The scientist's laboratory was called in Shakespeare's time the chemical theater. The theater of events, the histrionic plots of political powers, and the theaters of war. Men return with a language of defoliation and liquid fire to silence the earth from which they came. God is the Word in Christian theology; and He is also the Silence. The word God becomes necessary where there is an intense feeling of presence and oneness in opposites, an awe that cannot let go of contradictory elements, of an otherness in which I am more truly "I".

The first experience in poetry is to find in words not an argument or an explanation but a world, to see an other world or be of an other world. Here definitions are not restrictions but outlines of emerging possible elements of that world. When Robert Browning's dramatic monologues, instead of being taken as mere literature or examples of the poet's accomplishment or speeches for an actor to deliver, were taken as events contributing to an event in my own

being, I had caught the poetic mode of being, a contagion, and "came down with" poetry. Where the poetic takes over, the poem is not just entertained as an idea but is taken in as a fact of the poetic experience, the process of the identity of a poet to be. Poets praise the moon and are as looney as any medium at her seance table in trance where this personification begins, talking in voices. The writer of poems may or may not be such a reader; but if he is, he becomes, as all deep readers of poetry do, informed by the poem; entering the reality of the poem, even the sensation of being in a language dissolves and at least for the time he is on a trip. For most readers that trip is no more permanent than the trip on a marijuana cigarette or the trip on L. S. D., or the trip of the Sunday churchgoer on a superficial indulgence in piety, but it can go deep. Another thing must come into play then, for in deep reading, desiring that trip is the one we have been calling Man, and Dante's actualization of potential intelligence comes into the question.

To undertake the big trip, as Dante did in his trip into the depths of the Inferno, through the agonies of Purgatory and into the heights of Heaven, needs an intelligence to meet the inspiration, an active intellect. For Dante, the everpresent and acknowledged authority of Virgil and, above Virgil, of Beatrice, keeps alive the reality of Self and World in the most intoxicating vision. The thing is that you are always susceptible to such big trips, words lead out and away, and flights of imagination, following lines of alliteration and rime or the rhythms of an entranced voice, lead into man-snares everywhere. The whole conventional order of society is raised to keep its members inert, deadened to possibilities of passional dis-ease. Drugged or out of our minds, we find below the conventional behavior the passionate reality of the world to be Hell, the dwelling place, as Dante tells us in his Inferno, of those who have lost the good of the intellect.

In the new generation of those today under forty, poets have returned to drugs, to hashish, principally marijuana, but also to heroin, to seek their highs and their being sent. Their own terms tell us that they take the intellect not to be a guide but to be a hinderance in this operation. They "blow their minds". The junkie tells us of his Hell in his terms for the heroin that sends him--it is "junk" or "shit". Or, recalling other agencies of forfeiting the intellect, deadening the mind, the trip is "a gas".

Well, I like poems that are a gas. But this is a gas, the spirit, that is filled with and fills itself with the world; a trip in which the poet goes back and back and back as he goes way out, back into the things of his world, so that that gassy trip will be a trip increasingly into his own experience and into this experience advancing into the very beginnings of time. In the inflation of the dreaming "I", this beginning, the idea of this beginning, involves an active and searching intellect at work to imagine the beginnings not only of person but of the larger "I" in Man and the largest consciousness we have of our "I" in our belonging to the process of the Cosmos.

Back of Dante's idea of himself as poet and of the meaning of his visionary recital was his idea of God as poet or creator, of God's Art which is Nature, and of the cosmos as poetry or creation. In the Christian vision where the reality of things is creative and passionate, and God is Himself a poet and at the same time suffers in His own Creation, being a poet is a very different

thing from being a poet in a world where God is thought of as a mind aloof from the disgraces of the physical and actual, where God is, if maker, a maker of paradigms and eternal truths but poorly reflected in the actual world about us.

When St. John said "In the beginning was the Word", the world that begins, our world, is most truly a book, and to experience with an active intelligence means to learn to read therein. Now the Greek idea of the poet, where the word means maker, and of the poem as a work of art, a thing made with words, becomes informed by the idea of God as a Maker, and poets, as well as emperors and popes, are vicars of divine intent. Christ who is at once the author and the heroic-victim of His passion is very like Sappho who is the maker and sufferer of divine or immortal love songs: the wonder of their making and the pain of their feeling embodied are inseparable.

In the Christian world we have our special kind of poems that are no longer epics like Homer's, but world poems--poems in which the passionate experience of the poet and the passionate experience of the world are identified. Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Blake, create worlds in which in turn they are themselves intensely incarnate. We do not only listen to a poem as the presentation of a trip belonging to times long ago, the story of other men and strange ways, but we also turn to the poem for a presentation of our Self. The poet is the maker of person, of Self, of a creation.

Being thoroughly a convert of such an idea of poetry, and now thirty years being in that work, deep in it, let's say that though I can keep just this perspective to acknowledge that this idea of poetry is a very special one I've got, I have got it, it has me. In the intensity of the work, it, Poetry, gives me orders. Let us think for a moment of what this creative principle means in politics. Whenever our conventional, pragmatic, self-protective and rationalizing politics breaks and the long apprehended and repressed passional reality of things appears or begins to appear, in all passionate politics, men are moved not by opportunity but by what is mindlessly or mindfully desired. It is a disorder of our times that men so fear passion itself as an evil, that they will take as true the passionate evil of a Hitler and no longer believe in the passionate good. Men like McCarthy offer reasonable goods as men like Nixon offer reasonable evils, the law and order of domestic and foreign police forces; both seek to guarantee a politics that will be pragmatic and avoid the creative political reality. Both seek to guarantee that nothing will "happen".

Creative order is identified with the ultimate order of Reality, only here, at last, does it have its "reason". Well, no wonder then that I have to break up orders, to loosen the bindings of my own conversions, for my art too constantly rationalizes itself, seeking to perpetuate itself as a conventional society. I am trying to keep alive our awareness of the dangers of my convictions.

My mind gets taken over by this picture of the world as a poem in which language, world, and order, become identical. The actual world speaks to me, and when it comes to that pitch, the words I speak with but imitate the way the mountain speaks. I create in return. In the structures of rime, not "I" but words themselves speak to you. Let me give you an example here without searching for what I have to say. Here is "Word" over here, Mr. Word, and as soon as I acknowledge his presence he takes over. One of you has something to say, "That is a word", you say; but Word has to say "the Mountain is

red." I don't have to think it. It is said in the telling of it.

As I write, the writing talks to me. In the Orphic tradition, poets could understand the language of birds and trees. Listening to the roar of the waves, voices appear. It is only a story we are making up, but it comes to us. We find we are living, suffering, loving, dying a story. We had not known otherwise.

I started a series without end called Structures of Rime in which the poem could talk to me, a poetic seance, and, invoked so, persons of the poem appeared as I wrote to speak. I had only to keep the music of the invocation going and to take down what actually came to me happening in the course of the poem. Lawrence tells us that once he was at work on a novel his characters took over, having their own life there. He had only to follow, hard put to keep up with them. The creatures of this world are not puppets but each his own most intense center of the creator's intent. Lawrence comes to realize not what he means but what his work means, as we reading too come to realize, in what happens in his creatures' lives. Only in the actual immediate living entity does its author realize his design and, in that, his identity as creator. The active intellect works to acknowledge and redeem the content of the work as the content of a significant form. So the poet searches out the actuality of the world into which he extends what is now his world or Self--his search transformed into an art--in order to realize in imagination the world. From the reality of this order, an "interior" feeling that has its heart in the apprehension of universe, being and even self, more real than he is, speak to him.

Let's see if I can find a poem where this kind of speaking occurs. This new book of mine / Bending the Bow / is moving into a different area, and it was from an earlier period--the first Structures of Rime--I was thinking of....

The wrong way around to do it is to want to illustrate something by means of the poem instead of letting the poem speak for itself. Using the poem instead of listening to it, so, pursuing something you think you are saying, you lose hearing what you are saying.

I had started to go back to the beginnings of a sense of an aura in language, to a rhythmic and tonal seizure in words where I found suddenly I was not using language but used by language, not saying something I meant to say but being carried away to things I had not thought to say--amazed or ashamed of what I was saying. Here the beginnings of song and prophecy, of trance and imagination, are very close, and how much, and rightly, we are afraid of them. Unspoken and unacknowledged purposes of our own rush in. "Poetry," Ezra Pound wrote, "is language charged with meaning to the utmost degree" ("Great literature," the actual text reads, "is simply language charged with meaning to the utmost possible degree"). In that charge there are meanings we are not prepared for. Language so charged is not simple, it is multiphasic. And there is a sinister, a duplicit, possibility in the charge.

One thing I remember of this sinister possibility in language is that I discovered early how I could exploit the powers of to fascinate. My older cousins related the stories of Edgar Allan Poe, and poems like "Lenore", "The Raven", or "Ulalume" to us, my sister and me, and I found that there was an intense delight in sensations of horror when it was fantastic, as later I would

relish the very Poesque passages of Eliot's Waste Land, the bats with baby faces in the violet light of "What the Thunder Said." There was a way of stirring the nerve ends in apprehension of depths that were only entertained not released into the real. Men created an Unreal, or Irreal, as the painter Redon called it. And I found then, repeating these stories of Poe "for thrills", giving myself over to the sinister anticipation of the story, I could "hold" a little group of my contemporaries "spell-bound", reducing them to a screaming hysteria--the hysteria, though I didnt know it, of a repressed early puberty--in which their susceptibility to the emerging horrible idea exceeded their pleasure, before I myself was overcome. I could ride the wave of adrenaline and the reality of the horror story would increase to the state where it became a present reality all but unbearable, my fiendish little eyes watching the listeners advance into hysterics from my own actively focussed hysteria in the telling. Now this is a very early acquaintance with a power of language that can release the demonic in politics, an almost innocent rapture in the exploitation of guilt and fear.

Wherever language is charged to the utmost degree, this primitive or sinister degree will enter into the scale. In great literature, the creator is most wary of his powers.

Very soon in my lifetime I would see now in the political arena the sinister power of the will could sweep the actual world into a poetry of terror and apocalyptic fury. In Leni Riefenstahl's Triumph of the Will this masterly poet of the film out of her own tyrannical will shows us Hitler as such a poet of the public soul, as the leader speaking not in a personal voice but with a demotic voice, the voice of the People. This entity, the feeling into which we can be swept out of our individual realities into belonging to the demos, is the creation of an enthralling speech. Hitler, creating himself as Leader, arouses those he will lead as the people of a nation of his dream.

Or any group this large, as large as this audience gathered here today, if it be moved, given a crisis in political life so there was a will toward political unity, if they want to have the power a people has, want a voice to arouse them. They will feed, feed, feed, to become a demos, where the demotic speaker casts his spell, to become inspired democrats, breathing in his breathings. Where the will that can be called-up in the many, not in its multiplicity of individual members but in its overpowering simplicity of the majority, forces each individual into the area of becoming a member of a democracy. In the complex idea of our democracy, we have not only the potentiality of free communities of interest but we have, even stronger, in times of crisis, the potentiality of giving over the individual volition with its powerlessness to move the mass, giving over the uncertain individual consciousness to the sweeping certainties of becoming one of the crowd. Not only in Germany but in the United States of America our ideas of democracy are filled with the urge to shed our individual responsibility and to become a person of the Nation. Latent, we recognize this everpresent force in our concepts of the public mind, the public morality, or in how much Americans strive to conform to a public taste. This is very different, this being a democratic man, from being the member of a community. All the latent forces of conformity wait for the demotic voice to arouse the sleeping content of that public will, and that demotic voice will be the one we have seen appear again and again with a passionate need. The secret power of the demotic leader to arouse a people is that he impersonates the poetic content of his nation,

he is driven by the unfulfilled consequences of a nation's history. But the unfulfilled consequences of history are not man's yet unripened goods. Goods are not consequential. It is the crimes and errors, the debts, of a nation that lie in the public mind demanding justice and payment. In the terrors of the French Revolution not only the crimes of the Ancien Régime but the crimes of the revolutionists themselves "erupt" into the nightmare that actual life becomes. In this overcharge of language with popular apprehensions we no longer struggle for the full sense of what is involved. We no longer keep the interchange with knowledge and intelligence that Dr. Lenneberg has so nicely defined as the proper engagement of language; for once we are people of a nation we are forced to surrender the authority of intellect. Language suddenly runs loose, out of bounds, and so does knowledge. The charge sweeps us up--"on a trip", I said earlier. The demotic inspiration converts us, beyond ourselves, into the people of a language, into a flow, a current of destiny.

What is the difference between Hitler as the demotic leader and the poet? In following the political leader our will is to become converted to the purposes of a political force in history; our "selves" here are our very lives, our individuating personal purposes. The poem of the political genius, what he is making, is the very state in which we live. I mean here the political dominion we call the State, and in that the state of being that we feel in all the relationship of the pronouns "we" and "they" to the nation. But let us not think now of a nationalist, for we have in mind the grand politics of a World Order, the political leadership in which the people becomes identical with the totality of Mankind. The leader of the people must convert actual men to his purposes, to be killed upon the battlefield of his cause or to be conscripted or coerced from their individual wilfullness into the service of a new order, as the poet uses words, converting them from their history as the language of other men into their particularity as his own language. In recalling those early versions of entralling a juvenile audience with tales of terror, I had in mind how much this grue is still an element in my art as a poet to touch upon terror, a formal compulsion. In politics too, where it is inspired, it is inspired by a formal compulsion. It is important then to make it clear that this grue is in the poem an element in a contained experience. The poem is an event in language, yes, but, further, it is an event in the language of poetry, and its consequences belong properly to the occasion of the art. Well, when I think of World Order, when I think of order at all, I think of it as so contained, a state and a state of being as a work of art. If words slashed from the composition of a paragraph could bleed, as men do, or, removed from their original intent into the blinding intent of a new poetry, could cry out in protest....

And, as I suggested in the opening of this talk, there is not only the dream of an order of orders in Poetry and World, but there is a polemic of orders in the struggle for larger terms of order. Poetry charged with meaning to the utmost degree must be thought of as being charged with a conscience of order and disorder. Self-contained, I had wanted to say just now the poem was, but the self contained is just that apprehension of potentialities, dangerous as well as rewarding, that break what we thought to be the boundries of content.

In the poem "Up Rising" I came close to the demotic voice. In the context of our particular and national crisis of conscience for those of us

who even imagine ourselves as members of any community larger than national interests define--the context of what the American historian Commager describes as our "unacknowledged, unrepented crimes": the dispossession of the Indian, the exploitation and destruction of the ecological orders of the land, the degradation of men in wage slavery and credit bondage, the contempt for international law--for those of us whose sense of our common humanity has been outraged, the poem seems primarily political in its meaning: to arouse the conscience of the people against the existing order of dominion. Indeed, I sought publication of the poem in a political magazine, The Nation, with that in mind that its impact would be certainly one of arousing a people to such a sense of outrage at what was--what is--going on in the United States. Back of such a sense of moral outrage is the strong sense of belonging to this "we", of being American as a condition of being human, so that the crimes of the Nation are properly my own, of having, in other words, a burden of original sin in the history of the Nation. The vital center of my vision of any World Order is that it must redeem, must be the redemption of, not the rising above, that burden of acknowledged crimes against humanity.

Yet the poem belongs, in the scope of the larger poem-series it appears in, not to the history of the United States, but to a larger structure of ideas. For not even Man for me can represent the term of World Order. In the great vision that emerges from Darwin's evolutionary biology, Man is but a species among many species. The ultimate intent of life is larger, and we will as men be judged in the courts of the evolving forms of the DNA as forms of survival and perishing into new forms. Already we can see the overpopulation of our species and apprehend that we will not survive in the order of things as we are. Our orders are disorderly. We have come into an overfulfillment of our numbers. But this disorder itself changes the order of things.

"Up Rising" belongs not only to the political cast of the day but also to the imagination of Man and his time that I address in the series without end to which the poem belongs. Riding the wave at once of my own high blood pressure--a physical disorder I was ignorant of at the time but to which the poem clearly refers--and of my outrage in the "high blood pressure" attack of the American government upon Viet Nam, and back of that the hostile phantasies embodied in the creative genius of the atomic weapons and the preparations for germ warfare, riding the wave of my outrage I saw Johnson as the demotic leader, unleashing into action and moved by the secret evil of American karma as Hitler or Stalin had impersonated the evil karma of German or Russia. These leaders gather their will and power from the popular craving to be lead into ways of reprisal and repression.

In our poetic tradition, our conscience as poets, we inherit a vision not only of the potentialities for good latent in the entity of these States, but also of the profound potentialities for evil. I drew not only upon the current of my own feeling as my vision sprang into life for me, sensing deeply the threat of a terror to come beyond the terrors we know in what the Viet Namese suffered--I mean the terror we must have in so far as we remain "American" in America's crimes--but also upon my studies of how America had been seen by poets I recognized as inspired visionaries. Whitman's vision of America in his Eighteenth Presidency essay had come in earlier in the Passages series. Now

the vision of Blake and of Lawrence informed my own vision in "Up Rising".

Blake looking into the beginning of the American Revolution saw the Revolution of the States as belonging to the drama of the deep sickness of Europe "where the horrible darkness is impressed with reflections of desire". Blake's vision is of a confusion of intents and powers that strikes true to the confusion in which America was born. At first seeing Washington, Franklin, Paine as heros rising in the flames of unfulfilled desire, rising to liberate Man from his bonds of repression, Blake came in his lifetime to see Washington as he saw Napoleon, as a "heroic villain", for following the subsidence of the American and French Revolutions came no liberation of Man's nature from the external repressions of social law or the internal repressions of the superego, as we would call it.

Not only despairing of other men's powers to realize the good of a democracy but also seeing realistically his own powers, John Adams declared that government "requires the continual exercise of virtue beyond the reach of human infirmity, even in its best estate." In this sense World Order and language itself are beyond the reach of human infirmity--the governments we would seek to impose are built up in ignorance and inability to cope with the fullness of the nature we apprehend. The outraging of Man overtakes his definitions of his virtues. This is why the study of intelligence in language where rationality is taken for intelligence so little accounts for our experience in language. The logical positivist seeking sound ground comes to the despairing conclusion that all the world of experience is madness and poetry.

The angel Albion appears in Blake's America "a dragon form, clashing his scales"; and the shadowy Daughter of Urthona, "Dark Virgin", the suffering spirit of America, appears as the Bride enslaved addressing her groom:

I know thee, I have found thee, & I will not let thee go.

Thou art the image of God who dwells in the darkness of Africa,  
And thou art fall'n to give me life in regions of dark death..."

Blake saw the soul of America as a shadowy bride whose black husband is in chains; or a black bride whose true groom is the enslaved spirit of Europe hidden in Africa-- The reality of our history appeared in flames and agony where a spiritual alchemy was at work to unite in marriage Heaven and Hell or the Righteous and the Damned.

In the politics of the Civil War period, Lincoln took the unity of these States, the National identity, as the primary cause of the War, and the issue of slavery as no more than an attendant opportunity. Certainly, as Emerson saw, he did not take slavery itself as a deep-going political concern; the wage-slavery of the workers in the mills of the North was not thought of as important. He was an opportunist on that level; a demotic leader concerned with "the People" and dismissing the deep sickness of the American spirit or ignorant of it. Yet we can look again, remembering that slavery was deeper and more pervasive in the economic structure of the society, and see Lincoln as inspired in his striving first to keep first of all the one Nation indivisible; for within this Nation the forces were at work and they must be kept together even in strife. What a relief it seems to me at times it would have been if the South

had been let go with its overt and proud enslavement of the African, if we could let all the opposites separate into a state of their own! But I remember then that it is just this "enemy"--the mass that we see active today raising its banners of fear and hatred, segregation and war--that must be kept alive in the conscience.

Blake saw the war within clearly. He saw a figure that we are today involved in, the freedom that the integration of Man demanded. He saw America as the working-ground of all Mankind. There could be no easy victory. Tolerance could be no substitute for love. The end of the civil war would not come with being able to go to the same school, to ride on the same bus, to eat at the same public table. Only in the love-feast of the agape and in the love-wedding in which desire was liberated in sensual delight would the work be done. The savage evil of segregation and enslavement is that it divided the bride from her true bridegroom.

It is not in political right-thinking or in political power that we come into the apprehension of a World Order but in falling in love. It is in the very act of love, in the marital union, and then in the love-banquet of brotherhood--at once ideal and sexual--that the meaning of freedom and fulfillment is at work.

In the light of a doctrine of the meaning of wrath, read out of Jacob Boehme, a theosophist of the seventeenth century, who saw the Father's Wrath working to create Itself in the Son as Love, and the doctrine of unacted desire and sensual grace read out of Blake, I saw the Wrath and Dreams of America in Viet-Nam as an appearance of the hydra of a thousand vengeful heads rising in the vision of Man, the violence of a deeply violated nature in all the places of order.

And I brought into the orchestration of this figure the vision of another poet, D. H. Lawrence, who saw the American Eagle as more than an arbitrary symbol of the nation...

.....

Lincoln, who in the office of President represented the dominant party of American politics, in his spiritual power represented the inner authority, the creative personality of the Nation. In this identification, an identification charged with the man's creative intuitions, it was not slavery, either the industrial wage and credit slavery of the North which was to win out in the War nor the agricultural chattel slavery of the South, that he held the issue of the times, but the very unity of These States. The whole force of the man comes forward to affirm the ultimate authority of the Nation, that we be ultimately not the people of God's intent or of the world but of one Nation. "Indivisible," he insisted. "Shall not perish from this earth." In this taking the American crisis in the terms of a national identity and his putting aside the terms of our common humanity--the crisis of slavery or the rights of private ownership of men's lives and labors--Lincoln was an opportunist. A civil war and the superior forces of Northern industry and armies, the death of conscripts and well as of volunteers, an army then in part enslaved, would establish the authority of the Nation. But in the heart of that nation the grievous agony of its claims to ultimate authority over men's lives and souls bound all its people to a terr-

ible history. For now, within the national identity, forged anew by Lincoln in the fires of the Civil War, each of us, in so far as we are Americans, are "of the people" and inherit a national karma, the projection of a destiny or identity in history. It is this predatory destiny that brings us to war-fronts in Europe, Asia, Africa, and throughout the Western Hemisphere, where we find ourselves at war with communism--at war with more than half the world.

In Up Rising then two figures are superimposed: the hydra, the Old Dragon rising again into all the heads of power, and the other, the national emblematic eagle takes over.

Benjamin Franklin had urged that the new States should take the turkey as their bird, representative of a domestic peace and prosperity, and he protested strongly that the eagle stood for the ambitions of rapacious and murderous empires. Imperial Rome had subjugated a world to the law and order of its Caesars under that winged predator; and wherever the arrogance of world dominion goes the eagle appears on its standards. Franklin, who thought abruptly and realistically, knew the powers of that insignia, and he argued for the turkey-cock in his domestic pride. We almost snicker. In our sense of how inappropriate the turkey is, we can see how much our own sense of dignity has departed from that of men like Franklin and how much it demands the Mithraic imperium of the Bird of War. Washington, Adams, and Jefferson, had striven to insure that America would never be bound in foreign entanglements, and in the Monroe Doctrine it almost seemed assured that America would be resolute in staying out of Europe, much less Asia. Today, there is no political leader who does not presume that we must be the moral leaders and the actual police force of the entire world.

The people of America, Lawrence saw in his poem "The American Eagle", were not their own masters but rabbits, food for the ambitions and phantasies of their rulers. The eagle, "bird of men who are masters," consumes the people like fodder, drafted and voluntary sacrifice alike meat to the State: "Lifting the rabbit-blood of the myriads up into something splendid." "Drinking a little blood, and loosing another royalty unto the world." The image is at once exultant, for Lawrence had a hunger for power, and charged with outrage, for he was outraged by his cravings.

We might change the colors of our flag and their meanings into the red, yes, the red stripes bleeding down over the whole works, valiant and cowardly bleeding alike, rabbits lifted up into the arrogant power of the nation, and, in the place of white and blue, the black-and-blue of a contusion. In our contemporary scene I see an up rising of this specter into a display of its powers:

Opening great wings in the face of the sheep-faced ewe  
 Who is losing her lamb,  
 Drinking a little blood, and loosing another royalty  
 unto the world.  
 Is that you, American Eagle?

Lawrence's poem is from the 1920s. The United States of America had tasted its first blood of foreign wars at large in the First World War and it had emerged in its own dreams a great World Power, the Great World Power. In the

Second World War, the Eagle was to conquer the German Eagle, the Italian Fasces, the Japanese Sun, and to take their place as claimant to the dominion of Europe and Asia. We were to emerge from that war not as the Land of Liberty and Home of the Free but as the Land of Law and Order, gradually at home and abroad not a rule by the people but a rule by police force.

From a poem by my own near-contemporary, James Dickey, I brought forward into my own composition the figure of the bomber--"the All-American boy in the cockpit loosing his flow of napalm" he appears in Up Rising. Freud has prepared our minds to see how the unfulfilled and repressed desire flares up in fear and rages in burning and killing. Blake and Lawrence, as I have shown, saw America charged with such force, exploding into scenes of fire and bloodshed. In Dickey's poem "Fire-Bombing", dwelling upon his own phantasies, fed by his actual missions over Japan in the Second World War, the poet projects an exultant and fearful inner reality in which his somnambulistic experience of power remembered in his bombing flights mingles with a hostility towards his own American neighborhood and even his home. Reliving his burning of suburbs in "napalm and high octane fuel"--is it Japan or is it

A town with everyone darkened,  
Five thousand people are sleeping off  
An all-day American drone

--the drone of his plane? or the drone, twenty years later, of the American routine? In the pun in which drone means the monotony of a motor or of labor in a motorized society, the poet is master of a threat:

I still have charge--secret charge

Dickey tells us,

Of the fire developed to cling  
To everything: to golf carts and fingernail  
Scissors as yet unborn tennis shoes

It is his own world, America, that now is burning in his thought of that world. And like Lawrence, Dickey is not only exultant in his hostile craving for destructive power but also apprehensive in that power; in his case he is not scornful of his scorn (Lawrence sees the Eagle as in his arrogance) but fearful of his fearfulness (Dickey sees the Eagle in his murderous will).

The alternative to this order of a world is not a United Nations--a bargaining table of rival predators and their prey. It must live in a larger vision of the meaning of Order and from that meaning what our lawfulness must be.

My perspective would go throughout time and the present world of man as it extends into an acknowledged nature of our being. In this order I am fascinated by boundaries, by the fact that the real has just those boundaries we are willing to imagine. In my work I do not conceive of image as leading to image, of a stream of consciousness or associations, nor of the development

of images, as the primary form, but of the coexistence of many figures: a plurality of boundaries means a multiphasic image of What Is. And to extend that imagination, I study the sciences of Man and His superstitions, I gather in wherever it speaks to me His testimony of experience, searching to have a more and more multitudinous image of what Man is, and a more and more various resource in His being. The deep and true testimony recognized of men who have known passionately that there are no gods, is no God, comes into the whole then as a coexistent figure with the deep and true testimony recognized of men who have known passionately that there are gods, is a God. Men in love with Gods, men wishing that there were Gods, Men at war with Gods. Here, Gods and God have to do with the intent, with the absence of intent, in what is happening.

Think of the poem Up Rising then, not as it has often been taken as a reaction to the particular violation of our common humanity by the Johnson administration, think of this as an acknowledgement and potential repentence then of what America means. We resist this violence; we would like to draw a certain boundry to the violence by which we maintain even local order. Shall the police be able to repress with a strong arm? Shall they be instructed to kill? My sense is that the vital thing is that we come into the presented reality. The leaders deny that they are doing what they are doing. They act in the exterior social world as we recognize forces of repression act in the interior person to refuse to see what they disapprove of in themselves. That reality, the presentation of how in the heyday of Johnson's administration, in the full arrogance of his power, the specter of America's arrogance appeared, as in Stalin and Hitler the specters of imperial Russian and German arrogance appeared--does not coerce our choice. But acknowledging what we are doing is important. This is the importance we find in tragedy, where Man comes to know the depths of what he is doing, his righteousness is stripped bare. The bomber overlooks the reality he inflicts--he flies high as the politician who directs his action likes to fly high above the reality of his orders. The State Department agent plays, as if it were a game, moves and countermoves in the name of peace and order, of "honor", that involve unrealities of burning cities and countrysides laid waste. The lies of Johnson and his régime are terms of the language of a grand psychopathology of daily political life that belongs to their refusal to face the facts of what they are doing. The actual terms of the Geneva agreements on Vietnam, the actual nature of the National Liberation Front and of the various governments of Saigon, the actual destruction of the country that is being "liberated"--these facts are censored from all considerations of the reality of the war, and the specter of Communism raised in the hallucinatory obsession that is American foreign policy, a cover-image projected as by a magic-lantern upon the cloud of hostile intentions the liberator does not acknowledge, lures the American forces on to shoot down actual men in the streets, to all the fearful violence that we are familiar with in studies of the psychopathology of individual cases. From this history of a war has emerged a sentence in which the dream-content is brilliantly clear: "In order to save the village it was necessary to destroy it." The language of this history is to be read as the language of a psychotic episode in which there is no recognition of the madness, where with pious regret and considered deliberation the President can write in Vietnam his history in terror and suffering. The frenzy

of the Huns, the berserk mania of the Norsemen, and their overt purpose to conquer the land, have deeply imprinted upon our common experience the terrible experience of such war. And the madness of Hitler is vivid--but here too, when we look deeper, we find that specter of Communism giving rationale to the armies of police in Germany, to bring law and order, and then the armies of police abroad, and then the concentration camps and the ovens. Johnson's ovens are in Asia where most Americans do not smell the burning meat. MacBeth is an awakened man, having the humanity of those thresholds in which he faces the nightmare he works--he sees the dagger before his eyes and is haunted by images of bloodshed and terror. Johnson, reading a script rationalizing his monstrous actions, written by a public relations agent, is dehumanized by a mediating language. We have no imperial purposes in Asia; in order to free the land it is necessary to destroy it.

We like to consume the digest of what is going on in terms of a mediating language, to see even horror--the facts of burned meat and bellies bloated in starvation--in terms of rational dialogue. Rusk will not start up from his negotiations staring wildly at the true specter of the napalmed child whose eyes stare wildly in return from the charred flesh, nor at some bloody figment of his imagination, for he does not imagine, dares not imagine, the horrors of the war he directs. So Napoleon surrounded himself in the Louvre with pictures of his own triumph and glory but saw no glimmer of those nightmare scenes that Goya painted out of his own inner suffering. Napoleon knew no language but the language of his ideal world, where he could know the bitterness of defeat, yes, but no news of deeper disorder that might reveal the duplicity of the ideal itself. I have been criticized for dehumanizing Johnson in the poem Up Rising, but such men have dehumanized themselves, removed themselves from the human consequences of their acts and from the disorders that underlie their rationalizations. Did they not have the immunity to the reality of what they are doing that the dehumanization of official identity and idealism gives, they would come into the full obsessional sickness of soul of their human state. Once we have seen Goya's scenes of the War we have penetrated the idealism of the governing ideals of his day and see the content of those ideals.

It would be easier if our fears were not identical with our hopes, and clearer if the forces of evil--of whatever would bind us against our will--which we see men give themselves over to could be disowned. To disown them from our own character, from the decisive stamp we created as our immediate "self" in being, we are resolved, in so far as we would contribute to the good; but we cannot disown these evils from the fate of Man in which as men we share. We must acknowledge how deeply the intent of the whole is dramatic, and where we would see further than our own sense of what is good to the goods of our history at large, we find them worked in darks as well as lights, in darks too that are good to us, comforting to our mere individual consciousness, and in lights that are painful and destructive. We cannot even then have the easy out of dividing the dark from the light as we would divide the painful from the pleasurable. In the truth of things we will find goods that are evil, that have a hold over us, tyrannical goods that have deprived us of creative freedom. Men have rightly often had the sense that catastrophes were "for their own good"; natural catastrophes liberate us from our accumulated works, fires that sweep

the ground for new growth. And men have awakened in the history of civilization again and again to the sense of the oppressive nature of existing order, as did the Christians in relation to the values of the Roman Empire at the very height of that Law, losing heart in the ideals of that order or turning against them whether it be in criminal or righteous outrage, become traitors, secret converts of an other kingdom. Then events appear as crises, repeated challenges of an oppressing stasis, or as apocalyptic holocausts, omens of the end of the world in which the wrath of judgement flares out, an up rising, in the creative intent that needs all the beings and things throughout time and space to realize itself- needs then this pattern of order and disorder. So we come in time to realize what has been involved in the ends of things, the ends of species that are without evolutionary consequence, the ends of generations in barren individuals, the ends of civilizations and ideas of world order. To be fully conscious, conscious here, that is, of the fullness of things in the context of which the things of our won world exist, is to be aware that such crises of judgement are not ultimate in themselves but the keeping alive of the ultimate in a creation where in judgement we know not what we do.

Here, thinking of our concern for World Order and for a language of that order, and of how our ideal of such an order is always betraying to every observer an other and an other order, so that those who would liberate us from the tyranny of unconscious intent but display the tyranny of conscious intent, I would call up that flash of divine insight that is embodied in the Christian religion when the Creative Intent Itself, at once a person of God and of history and (for He is the Word) a person of language, cries out, as Luke tells us He cried: "Father, forgive them; they do not know what they are doing." If the work of Creation be not a paranoid dream, the grand trap that Gnostics believed it to be, designed by a hostile and omnipotent all-knowing Creator--in which case the Crucifixion is a frame-up of some who do not know by those who know--but the labor of Spirit in every being and thing towards Its Self-realization, then not only those who crucify the Word but the very Word Himself knows not What is being done. Indeed, here, so much of other mind we are, we must be, wherever the Crucifixion as a living event, knowing anew what the participants in that event did not know they were doing. We are ourselves in our unhappy state as in our happiness new revelations of meaning that change the What that is at work in that event. This is the grievous impatience and the ecstatic patience we are fired by as we apprehend in all the disorders of our personal and social life the living desire and intent at work towards new orders.

April -- November 1968

BOOKS RECEIVED

- The Black Mountain Review, complete in three volumes, with intro. by Robert Creeley, reprinted by AMS Press, NYC, 1969. No price listed.
- Gunslinger, Book II, by Edward Dorn, Black Sparrow Press, Los Angeles, 1969. Wrappers, \$4.00
- Twenty-four Love Songs, by Edward Dorn, Frontier Press, San Francisco, 1969. \$2.00
- If He Can Make Her So, by Haniel Long, edited with intro. by Ron Caplan, Frontier Press, Pittsburgh, 1969. Wrappers, \$3; Hard, \$6.
- What A Man Can See, by Russell Edson, with drawings by Ray Johnson, The Jargon Society, Penland, North Carolina, 1969. \$4.95.
- T & G, The Collected Poems (1936-1966), by Lorine Niedecker, The Jargon Society, Penland, North Carolina, 1969. \$4.95.
- Letters from the Earth to the Earth, by David McFadden, The Coach House Press, Toronto, 1969. \$3.00.
- Thanking My Mother For Piano Lessons, a poem by Diane Wakoski, the perishable press, horeb, wisconsin, 1969. \$15.00.
- Count Three, by Asa Benveniste, Maya Quarto Two, San Francisco, 1969. No price listed.
- Shekinah, by Jack Hirschman, Maya Quarto One, San Francisco, 1969. NPL.
- A Bibliography of Louis Zukofsky, by Celia Zukofsky, Black Sparrow Press, Los Angeles, 1969. \$15.00.
- Tracks, poems 1966-1968, by J. D. Whitney, The Elizabeth Press, New Rochelle, NY., 1969. \$4.00.
- Which Hand Holds The Brother, poems 1966-1968, by Simon Perchik, The Elizabeth Press, New Rochelle, NY., 1969. \$4.00.
- The Empty Hands, by William Bronk, The Elizabeth Press, New Rochelle, NY., 1969. \$6.00.
- 77 Dream Songs, by John Berryman, Farrar, Straus & Giroux, NYC, 1967. \$3.95.
- His Toy, His Dream, His Rest, by John Berryman, Farrar, Straus & Giroux, NYC, 1969. \$6.50.
- Stelae, by Victor Segalen, tr. by Nathaniel Tarn, Unicorn Press, Santa Barbara, Calif., 1969. NPL.
- Seaweed, by Armand Schwerner, The Black Sparrow Press, Los Angeles, 1969. Wrappers, \$4.00.
- The Tablets I-VIII, by Armand Schwerner, The Cummington Press, West Branch, Iowa, 1969. NPL.
- Indiana, by Clayton Eshleman, The Black Sparrow Press, Los Angeles, 1969. Wrappers, \$4.50.
- Human Poems / Poemas Humanos, by César Vallejo, a bilingual edition tr. by Clayton Eshleman, Grove Press, NY., 1969. Paper, \$2.95.
- A Pitchblende, by Clayton Eshleman, Maya Quarto Three, San Francisco, 1969. NPL.
- Earth House Hold, by Gary Snyder, New Directions, NY., 1969. Hard, \$5.00.
- hearth, by Cid Corman, with etchings by Ryohei Tanaka, origin press, Kyoto, Japan, 1968. NPL.

BOOKS RECEIVED (continued)

- frogs & others, poems by Kusano Shimpei, tr. from the Japanese by Cid Cormen and Kamaike Susumu, a Mushinsha Ltd., Book, Grossman, NYC, 1969. \$8.50.
- Tyrannus Nix? by Lawrence Ferlinghetti, New Directions, NYC, 1969. \$1.25.
- Rocky Mountain Foot, by George Bowering, McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, 1969. \$3.95.
- Lies, poems by C.K. Williams, Houghton Mifflin Co., NYC, 1969. \$4.00.
- Many Happy Returns, by Ted Berrigan, Corinth Books, NYC, 1968. \$1.75.
- The Ends of the Earth, by David Bromige, The Black Sparrow Press, Los Angeles, 1969. Wrappers, \$4.00.
- Pablo Neruda: A New Decade / Poems 1958-1967, tr. by Ben Belitt and Alastair Reid, Grove Press, NYC, 1969. \$8.50.
- The Truth & Life of Myth, An Essay In Essential Biography, by Robert Duncan, House of Books, Ltd., NYC, 1968. \$15.00.
- Anna Akhmatova / Selected Poems, tr. by Richard McKane, Oxford University Press, NYC, 1969. \$3.75.
- Golden Dances The Light on the Grass, by Vera Lachman, with English Prose Versions by Spencer Holst, Castrvm Peregrini Press, Amsterdam, 1969. NPL.
- Exercises for Ear, by Stephen Jonas, The Ferry Press, London, 1969. NPL.
- Krazy Kat / The Unveiling & Other Stories from 1951-1968, by Fielding Dawson, with intro. by Robert Creeley, The Black Sparrow Press, Los Angeles, 1969. Wrappers, \$5.00.
- The Common Shore, Books I-V, by Robert Kelly, The Black Sparrow Press, Los Angeles, 1969. Wrappers, \$4.50.

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**BRIEF NOTES:** Contrary to a statement in the Robin's review of "Huncke's Journal", Herbert Huncke is not dead. He is very much alive, and Frontier Press will bring out a large collection of his writings this year. § "The Triune", a long poem by Frank Samperi, sections of which appeared in CAT-ERPILLAR #5, has just been privately published. Available thru Samperi, 225 Avenue T, Brooklyn, NY. \$2.50 § The Wilhelm Reich quote on page 1 of this issue is from "The Murder of Christ" by Wilhelm Reich, page 151, Noon-day Press, NYC, 1966. This book is Reich's "Jerusalem". § The Passuntino black & white gouaches are all 38" x 26". § The existence of CAT-ERPILLAR is assured only thru #12. Unless support on a wider scale is given, the worm shall metamorphize and flutter by. § Please note that all new subscriptions and renewals go to 36 Greene Street, NYC 10013; orders for back issues (there are a few copies left of #3 thru #7) should be addressed to AMS Press, 56 East 13th Street, NYC, NY. \$\$\$

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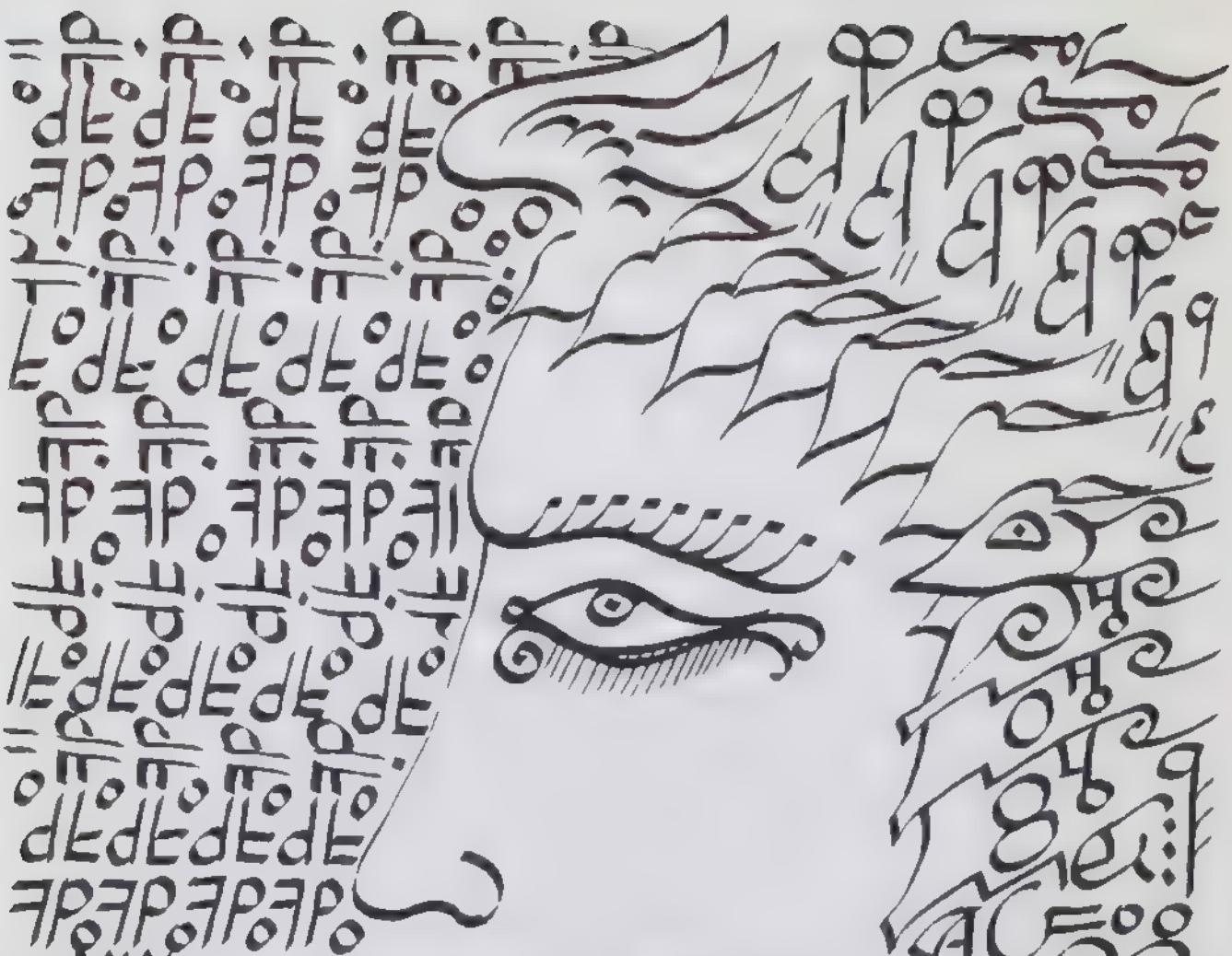


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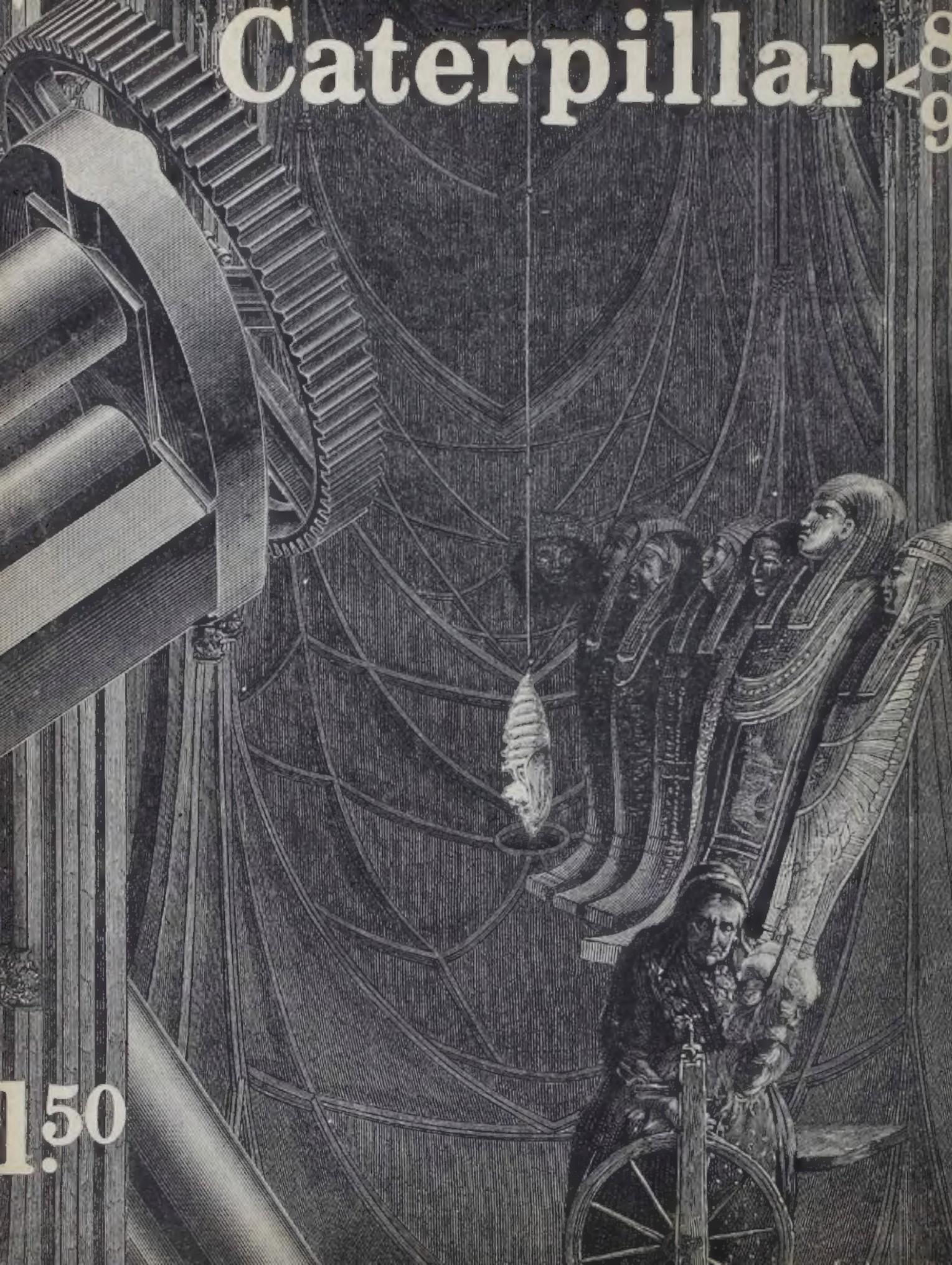
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